TWM's college rankings: How elite schools duck service

Bruce Reed ghostwrites Bush's State of the Union

# The Washington Monthly

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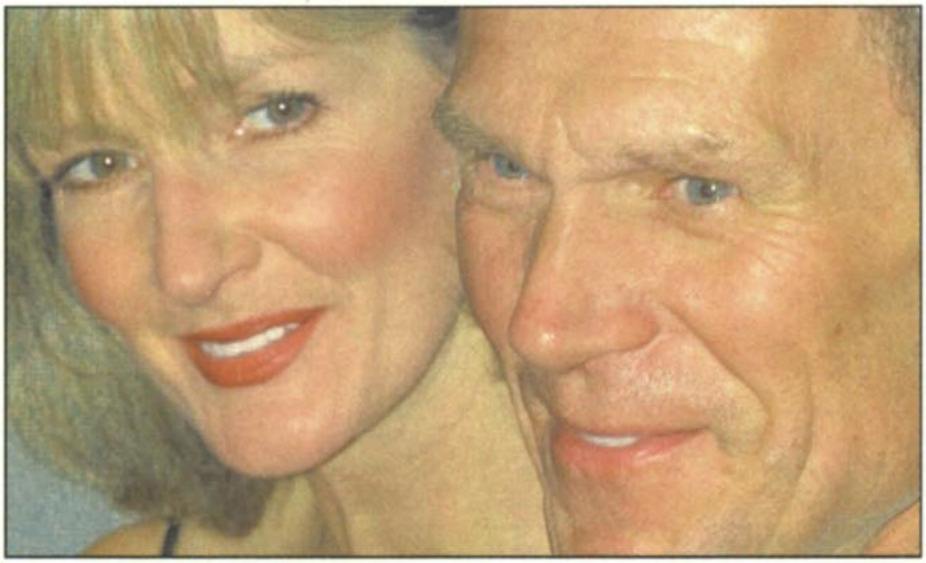

# DASCHLE'S HILLARY PROBLEM

## If the majority leader runs for president, what will voters think of his lobbyist wife?

by Stephanie Mencimer

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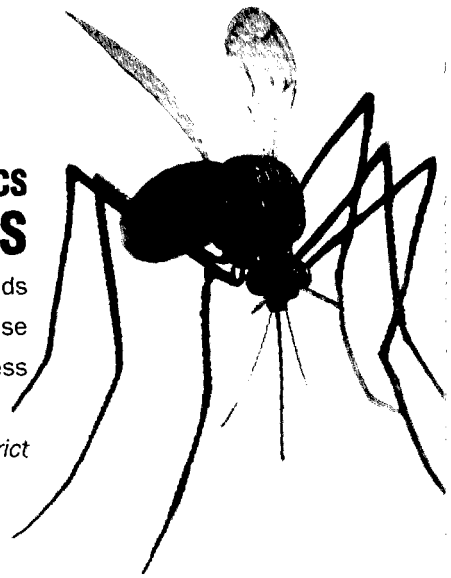
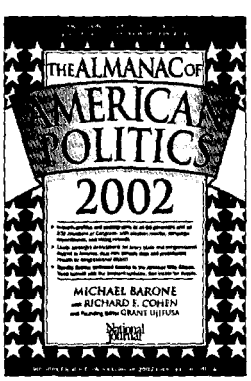
## EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT AMERICAN POLITICS
# INCLUDING BLOOD-SUCKING WHINERS

"Behind the Shore are swamp and flatland, the Pine Barrens and vegetable fields that give New Jersey the name 'Garden State.' Growth has been slow in these small towns and gas station intersections, communities in whose eerie calmness in the summer you can hear mosquitoes whining."

—*The Almanac of American Politics on New Jersey's 2nd Congressional District*



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# Contents

The Washington Monthly

## Features


**4** TILTING AT WINDMILLS
False Whoops ... Senior Screeners ... Amorous Profs ... Palm Trees in Jalalabad ... Canned Peas in Cameroon
BY CHARLES PETERS

**8** **The State of the Union Address Bush *Should* Give**
(But won't.)
BY BRUCE REED

**11** **The *Other* College Rankings ...**
When it comes to national service, America's "best colleges" are its worst.
BY JOSHUA GREEN

**19** **Comrades in Arms**
Meet the former Soviet mobsters who sell terrorists their guns.
BY KEN SILVERSTEIN

COVER STORY

**26** **Daschle's Hillary Problem**
If the Senate majority leader runs for president, what will voters think of his lobbyist wife?
BY STEPHANIE MENCIMER

**33** **Lines of Fire**
The only thing standing between you and a deadly oil pipeline accident is Washington's most hapless regulatory agency.
BY CHARLES PEKOW

**39** **Fabio Gets His Walking Papers**
Can Harlequin rekindle romance in a post-feminist world?
BY KATHERINE MARSH

**46** **Crescent Wrenched**
Turkey is America's strongest ally in the Islamic world. Can we save it from self-destruction?
BY WHIT MASON


## Departments


**2** **Letters**

**30** **Who's Who?**

**38** **Monthly Journalism Award**

**45** **Tidbits & Outrages**


## Political Booknotes


**49** **Little League Insights**
MICHAEL CROWLEY reviews JAMES CARVILLE AND PAUL BEGALA'S *Buck Up, Suck Up...*

**Of Corset Matters**
CHRISTINA LARSON reviews VICTORIA STEELE'S *The Corset.*

**Extremist Sports**
ALEX HEARD reviews JON RONSON'S *Them.*

**Strange Fruit**
TA-NEHISI COATES reviews PHILIP DRAY'S *At the Hands of Persons Unknown.*

**Cul-de-Sacked**
ERIK WEMPLE reviews JAMES KUNTSLER'S *The City in Mind.*

**Econ Artists**
JAMES K. GALBRAITH reviews MICHAEL BERNSTEIN'S *A Perilous Progress.*

**Yellow Journalism**
SETH MNOOKIN reviews WILLIAM MCGOWAN'S *Coloring the News.*

**Trial by Jury Consultant**
DOROTHY SAMUELS reviews NEIL KRESSEL AND DORIT KRESSEL'S *Stack and Sway.*

**Imaginary Isolationists**
MICHAEL MOSETTIG reviews WALTER RUSSELL MEAD'S *Special Providence.*

**Moose Tracking**
HOWARD B. SCHAFFER reviews EDMUND MORRIS'S *Theodore Rex.*

**Critical Mass.**
GARY HART reviews WILLIAM WELD'S *Stillwater.*




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# Letters

## Making Service Pay

Two cheers for your campaign to bring back the draft ("Now Do You Believe We Need a Draft?" November 2001). I'm not completely convinced, but the Moskos/Glastris piece offered a sound argument even while deflating me a bit. Before I attended Mr. Moskos' school I was a volunteer in the Marine Corps and, yes, an MP for a while. I thought I was just a quick learner when they slapped the MP on my arm so quickly. Now I find out there wasn't much to learn. But the authors do underestimate one point: We have to make service so rewarding that those who duck it know there's a cost. I would suggest making it the top line on most job applications and an added stipend in the social security check later on, with a lot of other stuff in between.

WENDELL JENNINGS
*via email*

## Worth Your Kid?

Last November, a *New York Times* poll found that Americans believed our latest war was "worth the cost" even if "several thousand American troops" were killed. Still, I wondered whether the pollsters should have asked if it would still be "worth the cost" if the respondent's own son or daughter was killed? Posed this way, I doubt the same 61 percent would have answered "yes."

Charles Moskos's (a "former draftee") and Paul Glastris's absurd article brought that dubious polling question to mind with their simplistic solution for our country's post-September 11 problems. Please allow this "former draftee" to propose that this magazine—which has long argued for the restoration of a draft—publish a follow-up article naming and celebrating the members of its staff as well as the children and grandchildren of its contributing editors and advisory board who have jumped the gun and enlisted.

MURRAY POLNER
*Great Neck, N.Y.*

## Never Cry Wolf

Stephanie Mencimer's attack on Naomi Wolf ("Broken-Fingernail Feminism," November 2001) is puerile and unjust and does *The Washington Monthly* no credit. I am not a fan of Wolf's, but after reading Mencimer's article I am even less a fan of Mencimer's.

It's apparently Mencimer's contention that Wolf—who is attractive, fortunate, gifted, and successful—can't possibly have anything relevant to say about feminism because her circumstances have protected her from sexist injustices. There is a small kernel of truth here in that fortunate circumstances can help to protect women from the crudest forms of sexual injustice (and equally, can help to protect African Americans from the worst racial injustices). As a general proposition, though, the idea is nonsense; discrimination and injustice at the upper end of the socioeconomic spectrum may be subtler and less openly injurious than at the lower end, but they are still real.

SUSAN M. HAGADORN
*via email*

## Pay-Per-View Press

Nicholas Thompson's summary of the Napster controversy ("Gofer Broke" November 2001) is ludicrous. The Napster controversy and court cases were not about 19-year-olds or their abstract intellectual process of writing code at all. The trials concerned the degree to which Napster the company leveraged Napster the application to raise venture capital and generate revenue by way of the massive copyright violation of creative original content.

If Thompson seriously feels that all forms of digital content should be available without charge on the Internet, regardless of the time, energy, and money involved in its production and the explicit intentions of its creators, I have a proposition for him: put himself in the same position as creative artists, many of whom are paid not with a salary but on a royalty basis. In other words, abandon his paycheck. At the bottom of each column, he can give readers a notice stating that if they enjoyed his writing, they can contribute to his bank account via PayPal. Do this for a year and publish the results.

WES SIMONDS
*via email*

## Christian Sacrifice

Joshua Green's account of the "God's Foreign Policy" movement (November 2001) is brilliant—as far as it goes. But Green downplays the two most important factors in the growth of what he labels "Christian Solidarity."

First, this group's national leadership consists of radical-right Republicans who have cynically betrayed the rank-and-file Christian membership. Proof? Their failure to work with President Bill Clinton in the 1998 Sudan crisis. By 1998 Clinton had proven his willingness to use military force in the pursuit of humanitarian goals. In that year the match was perfect—Christian solidarity working with the Clinton administration to save Christians while also punishing the Sudanese government for hosting a little-known terrorist named—what was his name, anyhow?!

The leaders' betrayal of this movement was open, and it is explicitly acknowledged by Michael Horowitz in Green's article. Horowitz and other insiders abandoned Christian victims of Islamic persecution in order to stab Clinton in the back. It is ironic that the Christian solidarity movement now has the Republican president it dreamed of—one who gives them words, but not the actions they might have received from Clinton.

STANLEY L. SWART, PH.D.
*Associate Professor of Criminal Justice*
*University of North Florida*

## Mandating Disaster

Thomas Toch made some important points in his November article, "Bush's Big Test," but he missed the most important point of about 100 years of futile attempts to make the current K-12 governance and funding process produce even tolerable education outcomes, much less movement towards excellence. Did the frenzy of education mandates following Sputnik produce a better school system? No, quite the opposite. Did the 1983 "Nation at Risk" declaration and the ongoing reform frenzy that followed produce an excellent K-12 system


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in any state? No! A few months ago, another presidential commission basically reaffirmed the nation at risk declaration in a 12-page section in a National Security report. Any education bill that pursues education improvements with more mandates is a disaster in the making. Educators need more autonomy and accountability through real competition, not more rules to follow and tests to teach. When will the education writers of America figure this out?

JOHN MERRIFIELD
*San Antonio, Texas*

## No Joke

Andrew Webb ("When Rubbers Hit the Road," November 2001) makes some interesting observations about the context in which gay men are "slipping," and practicing higher-risk sexual behavior. He notes that "in almost half the states, consensual sex between two men remains a criminal offense." True enough. But then he states that "most gay male relationships are a joke and rarely monogamous."

Andrew, dear boy. If you think that most gay male relationships are a joke, clearly you are hanging out with a bunch of clowns. The relationships I know of, including my own of 12 years, are enlivening, enriching, and fulfilling. Are they made more difficult for lack of societal sanction? Certainly. But to describe our relationships as a "joke" just feeds into society's impression that our relationships are not worth sanctioning.

It's bad enough when those from outside our community claim to understand who we are and then condemn us. But when such criticism comes from the inside, it's particularly disconcerting. I don't slip when it comes to safe sex. Period. Please continue to explore your own issues as to why this is a continuing problem for you, but leave me and my fabulous "joke" of a relationship out of it.

JACK HERZBERG
*via email*

## Men's Harem

Andrew Webb's article will bring shrill responses from entrenched gay activists who carry a long list of "rights" with no corresponding "responsibilities." But please know that within gay male circles, there is a burgeoning gay men's health and wellness movement. Following two national Gay Men's Health Summits organized by San Francisco activist Eric Rofes, 15 cities have held their own gay men's health summits. Many discussed the relationship of nonexistent civil rights and the collective self-image of gay men. At these summits, men talked about how being culturally shunned affects their mental health, drug and alcohol use, and safe and unsafe sexual practices.

There is a desire stronger than sexual need out there to build communities that reflect healthier models for gay men, even though we're not quite sure what that may mean. Forgive us, but this is new to us. Most of us grew up in hostile environments. And please know that our "new constructs" don't always look like what Messrs, Signorile, Rotello, Kramer, and Sullivan would proscribe.

FRANK PIZZOLI
*via email*

## Welcome to Hooverville

Charles Peters said in his November 2001 column ("Tilting at Windmills") that the FBI does not emphasize the prevention of crime but only the apprehension of perpetrators after the fact.

He is right, but even in the wake of September 11 we should all be thankful that this is so. Remember the past. Under J. Edgar Hoover, the FBI tried just such a proactive approach. The result was spying on and harassing citizens, including civil rights giants such as Martin Luther King and journalists including Fred Cook and Jack Anderson. While federal agencies such as the FBI deserve some blame for the attacks, they don't deserve all of it. Let's face it: The events of September 11 represent an incredible failure for state and local law enforcement agencies. Perhaps if they had paid some attention to the sinister activities of foreigners—and there were, in retrospect, plenty—instead of hassling innocent Americans for "driving while black" and the like, the outcome on that day might have been different.

EDWIN KRAMPITZ, JR.
*Drewryville, Va.*


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# Tilting at Windmills

By Charles Peters

*False Whoops • Senior Screeners • Amorous Profs*
*Palm Trees in Jalalabad • Canned Peas in Cameroon*

Remember all those stories about how military action would be impossible after October because of the snow that would blanket Afghanistan? Well, the fall of Kandahar didn't occur until December, and did you see any snow, even then? Of course, there is snow in the high mountains, but there are palm trees in Jalalabad. Another example comes from CNN's David Ensor, who referred to the airport at Kandahar as "just an airstrip." In fact, it was built to serve as an international airport in a multimillion-dollar project that was considered one of the Agency for International Development's major boondoggles of the 1960s. The problem here is the tendency of reporters and commentators to feel that they have to appear knowledgeable about subjects of which they're totally ignorant. This, alas, is not a tendency confined to Afghanistan.

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So far there hasn't been much support for my campaign to fight the recession with more public spending instead of with more tax cuts. But I remain convinced that it is the way to go. A recent story by Jacques Steinberg in *The New York Times* explains why. The article's headline is "Economy Puts Schools in Tough Position, Budget Cuts Conflict With Pressure to Improve Student Performance." Steinberg reports that school budgets are being trimmed "from New York to California." Does that make any sense at all?

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The airport in Fresno, California, has installed advanced face-recognition technology to spot terrorists before they can board planes. It matches features of passengers to pictures of known terrorists at 26 points on the face, according to John Johnson of the *Los Angeles Times*, and when a match is found, an alarm goes, "Whoop, whoop, whoop!" The only problem is that so far all the matches have been false. Even an executive of the company that manufactures the system was identified as a terrorist.

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Norman Mineta has less than 11 months left to hire and train 28,000 screeners for the nation's airports. This is obviously a daunting task, and Mineta needs all the help he can get. So here are a few suggestion based on my experience as one of those who started a new agency, the Peace Corps, from scratch in 1961.

First, put major emphasis on active recruitment; we did not sit and wait for applications, we flooded the nation's campuses with recruiting teams. Our leader, Sargent Shriver, put great store in recruiting—everyone on the staff knew he had to do his part or face the boss's displeasure. After we had cast a wide net to persuade recruits to apply, we instituted a rigorous selection program that eliminated those who didn't have the right stuff. Then we provided adequate training before they went on the job. In the beginning, some of that training wasn't very good, but we had a system of feedback that made sure we fixed what was wrong.

Both the recruiting and selection procedures for the screeners should draw on studies of the people who have actually turned out to be the best of the current screeners. A former FAA security chief says, "The best screeners were elderly widows. They had great powers of concentration and weren't worried about having a date or going out for a beer."

One problem with the screening job is that it is cruelly monotonous, looking at a screen or searching bags all day, every day. To meet this problem, *The Washington Post*'s Stephen Barr reports that transportation department officials are planning to have screeners "rotate jobs, such as pulling passengers out of line for 'wanding,' searching airplanes each morning, and walking through airports as 'rovers' checking for potential security problems." One model Barr suggests is the Coast Guard, which "trains its staff to work in a variety of jobs, such as search and rescue, law enforcement, engineering, and navigation" and "is known for instilling pride and camaraderie in its personnel."

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Speaking of the Peace Corps, how could Bush have dared nominate as its new director a man so totally unqualified as Gaddi Vasquez? He has no background in either international or humanitarian efforts, and his experience as a public official consisted of supervising the loss of $1.64 billion in bad investment of the funds of Orange County, California. He did, however, contribute $100,000 to the Republican National Committee for the 2000 election.

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In early December, it was revealed that, just before Enron filed for bankruptcy and laid off



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4,000 employees, it gave $55 million in bonuses to its executives. Even worse, Ken Lay, Enron's president who had refused to let his employees sell the Enron stock in their 401(k) plans, had made a $25 million profit selling Enron stock last year and $125 million selling it the year before.

The prohibition against sales of stock by employees was not confined to Enron. Far from it. *The Wall Street Journal*'s Ellen E. Schultz and Theo Francis report that "millions of rank-and-file workers at hundreds of companies have found themselves shackled to big chunks of company stock while executives are able to exercise wide latitude in what to do with theirs."

Enron may turn out to be the best example yet to support this magazine's contention that the problem is not too much regulation but too little regulation that is both tough and smart. Its contracts for the buying and selling of energy were exempted from regulation during Bush-the-elder's administration by the Commodity Futures Trading Corporation, then headed by Wendy Gramm, wife of the Republican Senator from Texas, who later wound up on Enron's board. Ken Lay has made sure his influence continued with the younger Bush by arranging contributions of more than $2 million to the Republicans. Lay also became a close friend of Bush's. Can you imagine what the media would have done with these facts if Bill Clinton were in Bush's shoes?

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ANTHROPOLOGISTS USED TO BE accused of devoting too much attention to ancient cultures and not enough to the modern world. Not anymore, according to a report by *The Washington Post*'s Ken Ringle of the 2001 annual meeting of the American Anthropological Association. Among the papers delivered were "Bike Lust—Harleys, Women, and American Society," "Picture Novels and Canned Peas in Urban Cameroon," "Queer Zionism: Nationalism and Sexuality in Popular Israeli Television," and "Contrasting Cultural Styles in U.S. Garage Sale Bargaining."

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ONE ASPECT OF RECENT CHRISTmas seasons that I don't like is the displacement of Christmas carols by secular music in the form of pop songs that celebrate the Christmas season but are devoid of religious content. It's not that I don't like some of the popular music, but I love the carols to which television and radio have been devoting less and less time. I suspect this is done by broadcasters to avoid offending people of other religions. But I really doubt that the broadcasters are right. One of the indisputable glories of Christianity is its music—music that everyone can enjoy. Harry Golden, the best-selling Jewish writer of the 1950s, was the father of one of my closest friends. One of his greatest pleasures was singing Christian hymns. Woody Allen is not a Baptist, but a film about his jazz group's European tour features three Baptist hymns.

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AMONG THE THORNIEST PROBlems that college and university administrators have to deal with are those presented by student-faculty romance. After an article by one of William & Mary's instructors, Sam Kashner, appeared in *GQ* describing the school as a "sexual nosh pit" full of sexually adventurous young women he was unable to resist, the school banned "amorous" relationships between pupils and teachers.

*The New York Times'* article about William & Mary mentions that in the 1940s and 1950s Bennington College in Vermont was also "legendary for free-wheeling sex." In 1949, Bennington's President Frederick Burkhardt called me to discuss the possibility of my joining the Bennington faculty. His enthusiasm vanished when I explained that I was still a senior at Columbia College and not the Ph.D. candidate that he thought I was. But I have to admit that my excitement at the prospect was unbounded precisely because of Bennington's reputation as a sexual paradise.

Jane Gallup, a professor at the University of Wisconsin, has written, again according to the *Times*, "about her affairs first with a professor at Cornell and later with her students, saying that they led her to a new level of intellectual and creative energy." Gallup, continues the *Times*, "once joked at a conference on gay and lesbian studies that 'my sexual preference is graduate students' then French kissed in public the student she was advising."

Since there's always a possibility that a Sam Kashner or a Jane Gallup or a young Charlie Peters could turn up on a faculty, it's probably a good idea for colleges to prohibit amorous relationships between faculty and undergraduates. Graduate students should be mature enough to make their own decisions, except when the professor, like Gallup, evaluates their work. Like the commandment against adultery, this ban is certain not to enjoy total compliance, but at least it will make people think twice.

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ON THE BACK OF THE GREEN cards issued by the Immigration and Naturalization Service is a digital fingerprint written with a laser and impossible to copy. The card, according to the *Los Angeles Times*, is capable of encoding information about a person's hair, eyes, face, and voice, and has been issued to more than 5 million non-citizens living in the United States. There is just one catch: The INS has never installed machines that can read the cards.

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BACK TO ENRON. THERE WERE actually three kinds of deregulation that led to the scandal. One was the exemption from commodities futures regulation granted by Wendy Gramm. We learned



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about commodities futures in the movie *Trading Places* when Eddie Murphy and Dan Akroyd thwarted the attempt by Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche to manipulate the price of orange-juice futures. Hillary Clinton's windfall from pork belly futures—remember Red Bone?—was another example of the public's need to keep an eye on what's going on with these futures contracts.

Enron also benefited from the deregulation of energy itself. Deregulation works when there are enough suppliers who actually compete to keep prices at reasonable levels. It does not work when there are not enough suppliers or they don't really compete, or when suppliers and buyers are manipulated by a predatory middle man—think Enron. "Enron was the seller to every buyer, and the buyer to every seller," said one energy economist.

According to *The Washington Post*, Enron made contracts with the seller and with the buyer and neither found out what the other paid or was paid. Nor did the public.

The third kind of regulatory failure revealed by Enron's collapse involves the accounting industry. As this magazine has pointed out many times, and as was beautifully detailed in a December series by the *Post's* David Hilzenrath, the basic problem is that the accounting firms are tempted to make their audits pleasing to the management of the company that hires them. "Though auditors should regard the investing public as their clients," observes Warren Buffet, "they tend to kowtow to the manager who chose them. 'Whose bread I eat his song shall I sing.'"

The *Monthly* has a solution. Let auditors be chosen by a third party, perhaps the SEC. They could be paid by the company they audit and still not be tempted to shade the facts in the company's favor if they know the company can neither hire or fire them.

Accountants should also be forbidden to have other business dealings with the companies they audit. As things stand now, writes Hilzenrath, "the major accounting firms make more money from selling clients advice than they do from auditing their books." Last year, for example, Ernst & Young billed Sprint $2.5 million for auditing and $63.8 million for other services, meaning Ernst & Young had that much more reason to provide Sprint with a pleasing audit.

**The CDC has life and death importance for us all. How can we be so incredibly stupid as to shortchange it?**

The self-regulating efforts of the accounting industry are as laughable as those of the medical and legal professions. Arthur Levitt, the Clinton administration's SEC chairman, says the industry's self-regulator, the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants, "seems unable to discipline its own members for violations of its own standards of professional conduct." It even cleared Nixon-buddy Maurice Stans after he pled guilty to criminal charges for his handling of campaign contributions during Watergate. Incredibly, Stans had been a president of AICPA.

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NATIONAL ANXIETY ABOUT terrorism has had at least one good effect: People have at last realized the importance of the Centers for Disease Control. Maybe the CDC will finally receive adequate funding. It has, in the words of Sheryl Gay Stolberg of *The New York Times*, "long been asked to do too much with too little. Its buildings date back to World War II and are crumbling. Expensive equipment is stored in hallways and draped with plastic sheeting to protect it from rain dropping from the ceiling." This agency has life and death importance for us all. How can we be so incredibly stupid as to shortchange it?

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I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT GEORGE W. Bush told the truth when he said that the Secret Service urged him not to return directly to Washington, D.C., after the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, and I have no doubt that he is telling the truth when he says the Secret Service advised him not to let the public in the White House to see the Christmas decorations. But in both cases, he was wrong to follow their advice. Our president belonged in Washington on that day of peril, and, as many others have observed, Bush was inconsistent in urging tourists to travel while telling them not to visit his house. True, these were relatively minor matters. But they do suggest that Bush is a man who follows his advisers instead of being a leader.

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YOU MAY WONDER WHY THAT anthrax letter addressed to Sen. Patrick Leahy (D-Vt.) found its way to a State Department mailroom. The answer appears to be that the post office's optical scanner read a "1" as a "2." That wasn't easy, for as you may have noticed, the anthrax terrorist, although he may be a criminal or a lunatic or both, has excellent penmanship. His printing couldn't be clearer.

Some of you may recall that letter I received at my Washington home, although it was plainly addressed to someone in Wyoming. A retired postal employee wrote us explaining that it happened because the screening machine saw that several key numbers were identical and therefore misdirected the letter, even though the address was clearly wrong. Wouldn't it be better to go



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back to having human beings read the addresses?

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LIBERALS ASSUME GOVERNMENT is good, just as conservatives assume virtue in private business—or as they like to say, the market. Both tend to think of nonprofit institutions like the Red Cross as benign. But the lesson this magazine has tried to teach is that the media must continually keep an eye on our major institutions, whether they're government, corporate, or nonprofit. The Red Cross is the latest example. Now we know it collected hundreds of thousands of pints of blood it had no way to store. Now we know the donations it collects for one purpose are used for others. And the World Trade Center victims are not the only example. The same thing happened with money collected for the Oklahoma City victims, who got only one-fourth of the amount raised on their behalf. When nearly $16 million was donated for victims of the Red River flood in 1997, report Mary Pat Flaherty and Gilbert M. Gaul of *The Washington Post*, the attorney general of Minnesota had to resort to public hearings to collect. In San Diego, the Red Cross spent funds raised for wildfire victims to buy vehicles and upgrade its telephone system.

The Red Cross has also been guilty of so many safety violations in its handling of blood that the Food and Drug Administration took it to court, resulting in a 1993 consent decree under which the Red Cross promised to make improvements. Unfortunately, eight years later the improvements have not been enough to get the decree lifted. Among the problems, according to Gaul and Flaherty, "was the release of blood products that tested positive for a virus that could cause retardation and liver damage in infants."

Red Cross lawyers inadvertently revealed the seriousness of the problem when they argued that an FDA proposal to fine the organization $15,000 per day for each violation would cost the Red Cross $15 million a year.

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I HOPE THAT THE RECENT BOOMlet for national service will get one group of Americans thinking about the service they never performed. It is composed of all those who either avoided the Vietnam draft or, after that draft ended, never seemed to consider what they might do for their county. We're not talking about a tiny cohort here. There must be at least a hundred million boomers and Xers who are healthy enough to serve. If they would just start doing what they should have done before, they could be a mighty force for good. But I fear they will be content to express their patriotism by answering George W. Bush's ennobling call to "do their business."

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THE RICH DO HAVE A WAY OF smoothing out those annoying bumps along the road of life. For example, you and I have to worry about returning to the parking meter to put another coin in before time expires. That's not the way it works in affluent Greenwich, Connecticut. There, reports *The New York Times*, as the Bentleys and Jaguars pull into the parking lot of Greenwich Avenue, their drivers are greeted by attendants wearing black bow ties who for a fee will save them the trouble of returning every two hours to put more quarters in the meter.

••••••••

ARIEL SHARON DOES NOT APPEAR to be the wisest leader Israel could have at this crucial moment. He tells Arafat to restore law and order on the West Bank, and then proceeds to blow up one Palestinian police station after another. As David Ignatius, a *Monthly* alumnus who later reported on the Middle East for several years, points out in *The Washington Post*, Sharon is the architect of past disasters in which his tough-guy policies have only inflamed the Arabs.

His order to Arafat to crack down on Hamas ignores the fact that Hamas, thanks at least in part to Sharon's policies, has more popular support than Arafat's Fatah. In a recent poll, reported by James Bennet in *The New York Times*, Hamas has the support of 31 percent of Palestinians, compared to 20 percent for Fatah. The numbers were the reverse just a few months before Sharon took power. Even more disturbing is the news that the situation is much worse among Palestinian youth. At a recent university election, Hamas supporters defeated Fatah by 60 percent to 34 percent.

Bennet also worked here before he joined the *Times* and I know him to be a perceptive and fair-minded reporter. His words are worth attention:

"Palestinians argue that the Israeli military kills civilians. Israelis argue that unlike suicide bombers they do not kill civilians on purpose. Most Palestinians do not value that distinction. It is hard to understand for those who have not experienced it the rage felt even by elite Palestinians over their treatment by Israeli soldiers." Still, Bennet finds hope in two facts. First, most Palestinians favor a two-state solution, meaning the coexistence of Palestine and Israel. Second, support for Hamas falls as prospects for peace increase.

What that means to me is that we should press Sharon to drop his relentless eye-for-an-eye policy and start talking peace. At the same time, we and our allies should press the Arab states that support Hamas to make it stop its terrorist attacks and abandon its opposition to Israel's continued existence.

"What both sides have to give up most of all," writes Ignatius, "is the belief that they can intimidate or terrorize the other into submission."



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# THE STATE OF THE UNION ADDRESS BUSH *SHOULD* GIVE IN 2002

by Bruce Reed

THE WHITE HOUSE
OFFICE OF THE PRESS SECRETARY

EMBARGOED UNTIL DELIVERY
JANUARY 21, 2002
9:00 PM EST

STATE OF THE UNION ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT
TO THE NATION

THE CAPITOL

THE PRESIDENT: MR. SPEAKER, MEMBERS OF CONGRESS, FELLOW AMERICANS: FOUR MONTHS AGO, I CAME BEFORE YOU IN THIS CHAMBER TO SOOTHE A FRIGHTENED NATION IN THE EARLY HOURS OF A NEW, UNCERTAIN CENTURY. OUR HEARTS STILL ACHE, AND OUR FISTS ARE STILL RAISED. BUT TONIGHT, AMERICA'S CAUSE, AND GOOD'S TRIUMPH, ARE SECURE. MY FELLOW CITIZENS, THE STATE OF OUR UNION IS STRONG — ALMOST AS STRONG AS MY APPROVAL RATINGS.

THE ATTACKS ON OUR NATION CHANGED ALL OF US. WE PRAY MORE AND BICKER LESS, WORRY MORE AND EARN LESS, DRINK MORE AND TRAVEL LESS. BUT NO ONE HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED MORE THAN YOUR PRESIDENT. TONIGHT, I STAND BEFORE YOU AS A NEW MAN, READY TO BUILD A NEW NATION.

OUR FIRST TASK IS TO FINISH THE JOB WE STARTED IN AFGHANISTAN, AND ROOT TERROR FROM ITS CAVE IN HEARTS AND NATIONS AROUND THE GLOBE. OUR ENEMIES MUST NEVER MISUNDERESTIMATE US AGAIN.

A YEAR AGO, I THOUGHT THE TALIBAN WAS A ROCK BAND. IT FADED SO FAST, IT MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN.

IN THE WORDS OF FLEETWOOD MAC, DON'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THAT TERROR. NOW IT'S TIME FOR AL QAEDA TO GO THE WAY OF AL D'AMATO, SO THAT YEARS WILL GO BY AND NO ONE WILL REMEMBER WHETHER IT'S STILL WITH US.

THIS IS THE LAST OF 48 STATE OF THE UNION ADDRESSES THAT SENATOR STROM THURMOND WILL BE PRESENT TO HEAR. I CAN THINK OF NO BETTER WAY TO HONOR HIS MEMORY THAN FOR US TO AGREE UPON A NEW GROUP OF PEOPLE WHO SHOULDN'T EXPECT CIVIL RIGHTS ANY TIME SOON. THE TERRORISTS SHOULD HAVE NO DOUBT ABOUT OUR RESOLVE, AND NO ILLUSION ABOUT WHOM THEY'RE DEALING WITH. AS WE SAID DURING THE FLORIDA RECOUNT, WE WILL BRING OUR ENEMIES TO JUSTICE, OR WE WILL BRING JUSTICE TO OUR ENEMIES; WE WIN EITHER WAY.

IN THESE PAST FEW MONTHS, THE U.S. MILITARY AGAIN HAS SHOWN THAT WE CAN BEAT ANYONE, ANYWHERE, ANYTIME. I KNOW THAT THROUGHOUT MY CAMPAIGN, YOU HEARD ME SAY THAT THE LAST ADMINISTRATION HAD HOLLOWED OUT OUR MILITARY AND RUN OUR FORCES INTO THE GROUND. I'M GLAD OUR FIGHTING MEN TOOK THOSE WORDS IN THE SPIRIT I INTENDED, AS A PEP TALK LIKE THE ONE I GAVE THE U.S. RYDER CUP TEAM.

NO BEARD COULD SPARE AFGHANISTAN THE STING OF FREEDOM'S TERRIBLE SWIFT SWORD. NOW IT'S IRAQ'S TURN TO FEEL JUSTICE'S COLD SHOULDER. I LOVE MY PARENTS DEARLY, BUT MY MOTHER COULDN'T COOK AND MY FATHER DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO FINISH THE JOB. TONIGHT, LET US SAY TO SADDAM HUSSEIN: 43 IS NOT YOUR LUCKY NUMBER.

WE WILL WORK WITH OUR ALLIES TO REBUILD THE CAVES AND CAPITALS WE DESTROYED, BECAUSE IT TAKES A VILLAGE TO DO NATION BUILDING. THE U.S. WILL BE AS DOGGED IN PURSUIT OF PEACE AS IN PROSECUTION OF WAR. I WILL NOT REST UNTIL THE MID-EAST IS AS FREE OF TERROR AS THE MIDWEST. MY ADMINISTRATION HAS PROMISED TO SUPPORT A PALESTINIAN STATE, BUT IF ARAFAT DOESN'T REIN IN HAMAS, HE'LL BE LUCKY TO GET ALABAMA.



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I WANT THE WORLD TO KNOW THIS ABOUT THE UNITED STATES: OUR WORD IS OUR BOND. WHEN WE SIGN A TREATY, WE'LL LIVE BY IT, WHETHER WE CARE ABOUT SAVING THE WORLD FROM GLOBAL WARMING AND GERM WARFARE OR NOT. WE ARE A NATION OF LAWS, NOT LAWYERS.

WE WILL CONTINUE OUR QUEST FOR A NATIONAL MISSILE DEFENSE SYSTEM, BECAUSE TODAY THE WORLD IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN EVER. BUT WE WON'T USE THE SYSTEM UNTIL IT WORKS, WE'LL KEEP TRACK OF EVERY CENT IT COSTS, AND WE'LL DO OUR BEST NOT TO TURN RELATIONS BETWEEN RUSSIA, CHINA, AND THE U.S. INTO A HIGH-STAKES GAME OF ROCK-PAPER-SCISSORS.

OF COURSE, IT WILL DO AMERICA NO GOOD TO BE STRONG ABROAD IF WE ARE NOT SAFE AT HOME. TIME AFTER TIME, YOU'VE PATIENTLY WATCHED MY HOMELAND SECURITY CHIEF TOM RIDGE PUT THE NATION ON HIGH ALERT WITHOUT EXPLANATION. ON THE WAY OVER HERE, TOM ASKED IF I WOULD PASS ALONG ANOTHER NATIONWIDE ALERT THIS EVENING.

THE OTHER DAY, I GOT A TOUCHING LETTER FROM A FOURTH-GRADE GIRL IN BILLINGS, MONTANA. ACTUALLY, I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE LETTER SAID, BECAUSE THE WHITE HOUSE NOW BURNS ALL INCOMING MAIL. BUT I DO KNOW WHAT WAS IN THAT GIRL'S HEART. SHE WANTED ME TO KNOW THAT HER PRAYERS ARE WITH ME — AND SHE WONDERED WHY EVERY TIME SHE SEES ONE OF US ON TV SHE CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT.

I WISH I COULD ASSIGN THAT LITTLE GIRL HER OWN SECRET SERVICE DETAIL. I WISH I COULD TUCK HER INTO BED EVERY NIGHT IN AN UNDISCLOSED, SECURE LOCATION. I WISH I COULD WRITE HER A COMFORTING NOTE, IF HER PARENTS WOULD LET HER NEAR THE MAIL. SO TONIGHT, LET ME SAY TO HER, AND TO AMERICANS YOUNG AND OLD WHO ARE LYING AWAKE IN TERROR: IN THE WORDS OF MONSTERS, INC., WE SCARE BECAUSE WE CARE. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID OF MONSTERS ANY MORE. FROM NOW ON, WE'LL MAKE SURE THE MONSTERS ARE AFRAID OF YOU.

OSAMA BIN LADEN IS NOT THE ONLY MAN TO LEARN WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE ALONE IN THE DARK. TONIGHT, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE HISTORY OF STATE OF THE UNION ADDRESSES, THE VICE PRESIDENT'S CHAIR BEHIND ME STANDS EMPTY. SO LET US JOIN TONIGHT AND SAY, "CHENEY, WE HARDLY KNEW YE!"

TONIGHT I PROPOSE A CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT TO GIVE THE PRESIDENT TWO VICE PRESIDENTS, SO I CAN HAVE ONE WITH ME AT ALL TIMES. THE OTHER CAN BE KEPT IN THE NOW-VACANT SOCIAL SECURITY LOCKBOX.

UP UNTIL NOW, MY ADMINISTRATION HAS DEVOTED MOST OF ITS RESOURCES TO PROTECTING AMERICA'S MOST VITAL ASSETS: THE WHITE HOUSE, THE CAPITOL, THE SECOND AMENDMENT. MY BUDGET CHIEF MITCH DANIELS HAS SAID OUR MOTTO IS BILLIONS FOR TAX CUTS, NOT ONE CENT FOR DOMESTIC DEFENSE.

NO MORE. FROM THIS DAY FORWARD, I WILL DO WHATEVER IT TAKES AND SPEND WHATEVER IT TAKES TO MAKE AMERICA SAFE — EVEN IF IT MEANS WE BUST MORE TERRORISTS THAN UNIONS. A STRONG NATION DEMANDS A STRONG NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.

TONIGHT, WE MUST TAKE BACK SOMETHING ELSE THE TERRORISTS TRIED TO TAKE AWAY FROM US: OUR ECONOMIC STRENGTH. A MILLION AMERICANS HAVE LOST THEIR JOBS SINCE SEPTEMBER 11. IN FACT, ABOUT TWO MILLION MORE AMERICANS ARE UNEMPLOYED THAN WHEN I WAS ELECTED. AT THIS RATE, IF YOU GIVE ME THE CHANCE, I COULD WIPE OUT IN MY EIGHT YEARS ALL 22 MILLION JOBS THAT BILL CLINTON HELPED CREATE IN HIS.

FIRST, TO MY FRIENDS IN THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY AND THIS CHAMBER: THE NEXT TIME I ASK FOR A STIMULUS PLAN, DON'T SEND ME ONE DESIGNED TO STIMULATE YOUR PALS ON K STREET. BEFORE SEPTEMBER 11, IT WASN'T CLEAR WHETHER I WOULD HAVE TO SIGN A CAMPAIGN FINANCE REFORM LAW. NOW OUR ECONOMY NEEDS IT EVEN MORE THAN OUR POLITICAL SYSTEM. SO TONIGHT I SAY, BY ALL MEANS, SEND ME MCCAIN-FEINGOLD. BUT LET'S ALSO PASS A FIVE-YEAR MORATORIUM ON CORPORATE TAX BILLS, AND CUT OUT THE MIDDLEMAN.



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SECOND, I WANT TO REACH ACROSS PARTY LINES AND SPEAK TO DEMOCRATS IN BOTH HOUSES. MY FRIENDS, YOU MAY NOT WANT TO ADMIT IT, BUT I LIKE TO SPEND ON POPULAR PROGRAMS AS MUCH AS YOU DO. I'LL PUT ON A GOOD SHOW TO APPEASE YOUR HOUSE REPUBLICAN COLLEAGUES, BUT IF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE REALLY WANT IT, I NEVER SAY NO. SO I BEG YOU, DON'T GET ME IN A BIDDING WAR, BECAUSE I'LL ALWAYS GIVE IN, AND THE COUNTRY CAN'T AFFORD IT.

THIRD, NOW THAT I HAVE TRIED IT BOTH WAYS, I HAVE DECIDED THAT I'D RATHER BE PRESIDENT WITH A HUGE SURPLUS THAN WITH BUDGET DEFICITS AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE. BEFORE WE PASSED THAT TAX BILL THIS SPRING, I SAID THE SURPLUS WASN'T THE GOVERNMENT'S MONEY; IT WAS THE PEOPLE'S MONEY. NOW I'D LIKE TO ASK RICH PEOPLE TO GIVE THAT MONEY BACK. CONGRESS SHOULD FREEZE THE CUTS IN THE ESTATE TAX AND UPPER BRACKETS, AND USE THE MONEY TO PUT US BACK ON COURSE TO PAY DOWN THE NATIONAL DEBT. TO ANY WEALTHY AMERICAN WHO THINKS THAT LIKE FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT, I AM A TRAITOR TO MY CLASS, I SAY: YOU'LL MAKE IT ALL BACK WHEN THE MARKET OPENS.

THAT IS MY PLAN TO RESTORE PROSPERITY. WE DON'T NEED MORE REPUBLICAN TAX CUTS, OR MORE DEMOCRATIC SPENDING PROGRAMS. WE NEED TO RESTORE THE VIRTUOUS CYCLE OF ELECTING TWO-TERM PRESIDENTS.

IN THESE TOUGH TIMES, OUR POLITICS, TOO, MUST CHANGE, TO KEEP THE NATION TOGETHER. IT IS WRONG FOR EITHER PARTY TO TRY TO PROFIT FROM AMERICA'S PAIN. THAT IS WHY I HAVE ASKED VICE PRESIDENT CHENEY TO SIT DOWN WITH THE LEADERS OF BOTH PARTIES IN THE HOUSE AND SENATE, AND WORK OUT A SOUND BIPARTISAN ENERGY PLAN. IF WE'RE NOT CAREFUL, OUR MOST PRECIOUS RESOURCES CAN VANISH IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE AND LEAVE BEHIND IRREPARABLE DAMAGE. I KNOW THAT DEMOCRATS FEEL ABOUT THE ARCTIC WILDLIFE REFUGE JUST AS STRONGLY AS DICK AND I FEEL ABOUT ENRON.

I WILL CONTINUE TO DO MY PART TO CHANGE THE TONE IN WASHINGTON BY NAMING BUILDINGS IN HONOR OF DEMOCRATS, NOT JUST RONALD REAGAN. LATER THIS WEEK, I WILL NAME THE NEW REPUBLICAN CONGRESSIONAL CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE BUILDING AFTER GARY CONDIT.

BUT YOU HAVE TO DO YOUR PART, TOO. FOR TOO LONG, OUR POLITICS HAS BEEN BUILT ON A PYRAMID OF PROMISES. BUT ON SEPTEMBER 11, AND IN THE MONTHS SINCE, THE AMERICAN PEOPLE HAVE SHOWN THEY DESERVE BETTER. SO TONIGHT, FOR ONCE, I AM NOT GOING TO ASK YOU TO GO SHOP AT THE MALL, OR PUT THE KIDS ON A PLANE AND FLY TO DISNEY WORLD. I WANT TO SUMMON YOU TO A HIGHER CALLING: TO GIVE SOMETHING BACK TO YOUR COUNTRY. SENATOR JOHN MCCAIN — LIKE ME, A WAR HERO — HAS INTRODUCED A BILL WITH SENATOR EVAN BAYH TO GIVE ONE MILLION AMERICANS THE CHANCE TO DO CITIZEN SERVICE. I URGE CONGRESS TO PASS THAT BILL AND SEND IT TO MY DESK BY PRESIDENTS' DAY.

PUBLIC SERVANTS ARE OUR TRUE HEROES, AND WE ARE BLESSED TO HAVE ONE OF THEM SITTING IN THE FIRST LADY'S BOX WITH US TONIGHT. WHEN A FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY WHO SPOKE NO ENGLISH LOST HIS MOTHER TO TRAGEDY, HE WAS THERE. WHEN A GUY IN HIS FIFTIES WAS ON THE VERGE OF LOSING EVERYTHING, HE WAS THERE. HE'S NOT JUST A HERO; HE'S MY BROTHER, JEB BUSH, AND I ASK YOU TO GIVE HIM THE CHANCE TO BE MY HERO AGAIN.

MY FRIENDS, THE HOUR IS LATE, BUT IN GOD'S ALMIGHTY WAR WITH EVIL, IT'S STILL EARLY. WE HAVE MADE PROGRESS, BUT OUR MISSION IS NOT COMPLETE: TO WIN THE WAR ON TERROR, AND BUILD AN EVEN GREATER NATION ONCE WE'VE WON IT.

THE COURSE OF OUR STRUGGLE IS NOT KNOWN, BUT THE OUTCOME IS CERTAIN. WE WILL NOT WEEBLE. WE WILL NOT WOBBLE. AND WE WILL NOT FALL DOWN.

THANK YOU, AND GOD BLESS AMERICA.



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# The *Other* College Rankings...

*When it comes to national service, America's "best colleges" are its worst.*

BY JOSHUA GREEN

Chances are that if you attended college in the last 35 years and didn't come from a wealthy family, you received financial aid that included a work-study job. And chances are that the job you held entailed washing dishes in the cafeteria, opening mail in the registrar's office, or signing out basketballs at the school gym. Though you may not have been aware of it, 75 percent of your wages came from Uncle Sam, through the Federal Work-Study Program, created to help students pay their way through college. Today, the program is bigger than ever, providing jobs to almost one million students through more than $1 billion in financial aid.

But for a small number of students, work-study means more than just providing grunt labor for their college or university. It involves serving their community by tutoring, mentoring, or building homes for low-income families. Suzanne Mastrogiovanni, a senior at Nova Southeastern University in Ft. Lauderdale, teaches 7-year-olds in a local school how to read. Upon completing a three-hour training course and passing a police background check, she abandoned her previous work-study job of cleaning equipment in the athletic center. "That was kind of a grub job," she says. "But working with kids every day is a new adventure." About 40 percent of Nova Southeastern's students work in community service to fulfill their financial aid requirement, one of the highest rates in the country.

Students like Mastrogiovanni and universities like Nova Southeastern were exactly what Congress had in mind when it established the program in 1965. But over the years that spirit of service has withered—today it's the exception rather than the rule. Though students themselves are often eager to serve, the most recent Department of Education figures show that the average college devotes less than 12 percent of its work-study funds to community service.

Given the renewed public interest in national service since September 11, it's worth examining what has happened to one of the first federal programs created to encourage it. Which schools are leading the way? Which ones are slacking? To find out, *The Washington Monthly* teamed up with Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism to take a close look at the data—reported annually by schools themselves—and to interview dozens of college presidents, students, financial aid officers, lobbyists, and nonprofit directors. The results can be found in the accompanying tables. Think of them as college rankings that measure what the other guys don't—schools' commitment to community service, the Peace Corps, and the Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC).

What the numbers show is that when it comes to community service, the nation's best schools perform the worst. Of the top 20 liberal arts schools in the *U.S. News & World Report* college rankings, 70 percent fall below the national average for performing work-study service—also known as "serve-study" (see page 15). The top 20 universities do even worse; 75 percent trail the average (see page 14). In fact, of the 20 colleges and universities that devote the greatest percentage of their federal aid to community service, only Stanford University ranks among the *U.S. News* top 20. Elite schools did somewhat better in another measure of service, graduates who

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## The Top 20 Schools for Service

These schools do the most with their work-study funds...

*Percentage of federal work-study funds used for community service*

| Public 4-year, at least $250,000 in federal aid | |
|---|---|
| University of California-Riverside | 51.0 |
| University of Texas-Dallas | 49.8 |
| University of South Alabama | 47.1 |
| California State University-Sacramento | 44.5 |
| University of Nevada-Las Vegas | 42.1 |
| Texas A & M University-Commerce | 38.4 |
| Missouri Western State College | 37.4 |
| University of North Carolina-Wilmington | 37.0 |
| Kent State University | 36.0 |
| Augusta State University | 34.4 |
| Metropolitan State College of Denver | 33.1 |
| University of California-San Francisco | 31.8 |
| California State University-San Bernardino | 31.3 |
| California Poly State University | 29.7 |
| California State University-Fresno | 29.5 |
| University of Iowa | 28.8 |
| California State University-Stanislaus | 28.1 |
| University of Tennessee-Memphis | 25.8 |
| Iowa State University | 25.7 |
| University of Arizona | 25.6 |
| **Private 4-year, at least $250,000 in federal aid** | |
| Florida Memorial College | 59.2 |
| Case Western Reserve University | 40.9 |
| Nova Southeastern University | 38.4 |
| Antioch University | 36.7 |
| University of the Pacific | 32.3 |
| Bayamon Central University, Puerto Rico | 31.8 |
| Radcliffe College | 31.6 |
| Oberlin College | 30.3 |
| Gonzaga University | 28.6 |
| Golden Gate University | 27.9 |
| Barry University | 25.7 |
| Springfield College | 24.9 |
| New York University | 24.8 |
| Long Island University | 24.1 |
| Baylor University | 24.0 |
| Walla Walla College | 22.8 |
| Stanford University | 22.3 |
| Hofstra University | 21.3 |
| Lewis & Clark College | 21.2 |
| Simmons College | 20.9 |

joined the Peace Corps (see page 16). But for military service like ROTC, America's best colleges and universities are AWOL (see page 17). "We can safely say," concludes Barry Checkoway, a professor of social work and urban planning at the University of Michigan, "that most of the nation's prestigious universities have abandoned their civic mission."

The poor service records in higher education, especially by the best schools, have drawn the attention of lawmakers. In December, Senators John McCain (R-Ariz.) and Evan Bayh (D-Ind.) introduced legislation requiring schools to devote at least 25 percent of their work-study funding to community service, up from 7 percent today. Such a move could transform the one million work-study students into the nation's largest community-service organization, dwarfing even the 50,000 participants in Americorps.

It would be a boon to the nation's needy. The America Reads program employs about 29,000 work-study students to tutor tens of thousands of elementary school kids, making measurable improvement in reading skills. College students themselves benefit, too. A recent UCLA study of 22,000 college students found that performing community service boosted everything from grade-point average and writing skills to self-esteem and racial understanding.

But before Congress expands serve-study, it should take a hard look at how the program is being run—which is not very well. It is rarely monitored and entirely unenforced, with many schools gaming numbers to meet requirements or simply ignoring them altogether.

### Government-Subsidized Caddies

The Federal Work-Study Program was initiated under the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964 and moved to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare as part of the Higher Education Act of 1965. "Work-study," says Lois Dickson Rice, an education scholar at the Brookings Institute, "had an implicit, if not an explicit, purpose of urging students to do community service." Indeed, look up today's law and its purpose seems clear: "[T]o encourage students receiving Federal student financial aid to participate in community service activities that will benefit the nation and engender in the students a sense of social responsibility and commitment to the community." For a while, that's what it did. But in the late 1960s, as students became increasingly radicalized by the anti-war movement, schools retreated from community service which, loosely defined, could include the sorts of activities that alarm university administrators—in the late '60s thousands of work-study stu-



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dents organized under the progressive New York City Mayor John Lindsay. In the 1970s colleges saw their costs soar during the energy crisis; state schools in particular were left to operate with much smaller budgets. To compensate, more and more schools limited work-study jobs to campus, where students—a cheap source of labor—began working in academic departments, libraries, dining halls, and rec centers. The ideal of community service all but disappeared. Many schools, particularly expensive elite universities, didn't seem to mind.

A decade later, centrist Democrats revived the idea of tying service to work-study when, in 1989, Sen. Sam Nunn (D-Ga.) proposed that all such jobs involve community service. His bill didn't get far. But three years later, Sen. Harris Wofford (D-Pa.) introduced a measure which halved that requirement. House Republicans weakened it to just 5 percent (it rose to 7 percent last year), before passing what became today's law. But the appeal of service continued to grow on both sides of the aisle. Colin Powell and President Bill Clinton each took up the mantle, culminating in a national summit on service in Philadelphia in 1997. A year later, Clinton again sought to vastly increase the work-study program—initiating the recent funding boom, which injected an additional $300 million. But as they had with Wofford, lobbyists for colleges and universities balked when Clinton proposed tying half of work-study aid to community-service jobs. Eventually, Clinton conceded that this should only apply to "new" money he'd allotted.

Even this proved unacceptable to the lobbyists, who vehemently oppose federal regulation. "The higher education lobby got a negotiating meeting at the White House," says Wofford, "and threatened, if *any* requirements were written into law, to withhold their support from the reauthorization of the Higher Education Act." As an alternative, they promised that schools would commit to training 100,000 tutors for America Reads. Says a former Democratic Senate aide involved in the negotiations, "They said, 'Look, just don't put in law and we'll do it.' The White House had a lot of other business to do with this crowd, and took them at their work when they pledged to live up to the commitment—which they in fact have not." While community service has increased on some campuses, for the most part schools have ignored their promise. The number of America Reads tutors in work-study has never topped 30,000.

Coupled with the Department of Education's lack of enforcement, the practical result is that only schools that wish to support community service do so. Last year 174 schools failed to meet the 5-percent minimum. Most didn't even bother to request an easily obtainable waivers, putting them in open violation of the law (for a list,

## The Worst 20 Schools for Service

...and these schools do the least with their work-study funds

*Percentage of federal work-study funds used for community service.*

| | |
|---|---|
| **Public 4-year, at least $250,000 in federal aid** | |
| Southern University-A&M College | .6 |
| Central Missouri State College | 1.2 |
| South Carolina State University | 1.2 |
| University of Central Oklahoma | 2.0 |
| University of North Texas | 2.8 |
| University of Houston-University Park | 3.2 |
| Mississippi Valley State University | 4.0 |
| Tennessee State University | 4.1 |
| Alcorn State University | 4.3 |
| Texas Southern University | 4.3 |
| University of New Orleans | 4.4 |
| University of Texas-Pan American | 4.4 |
| SUNY-Geneseo | 5.0 |
| Jackson State University | 5.0 |
| Indiana University of Pennsylvania | 5.0 |
| Florida State University | 5.0 |
| Southern Arkansas University | 5.0 |
| St. Cloud State University | 5.0 |
| Youngstown State University | 5.0 |
| SUNY-Binghamton | 5.0 |
| **Private 4-year, at least $250,000 in federal aid** | |
| College of the Holy Cross | .6 |
| George Fox University | 1.1 |
| Midwestern University | 1.7 |
| Warren Wilson College | 1.8 |
| Massachusetts Institute of Technology | 1.9 |
| Illinois Institute of Technology | 2.3 |
| Worcester Polytechnic Institute | 2.7 |
| Dickinson College | 2.7 |
| Webster University | 3.1 |
| The College of Wooster | 3.5 |
| University of Notre Dame | 3.6 |
| Monmouth University | 3.7 |
| Butler University | 3.8 |
| Eastern College | 4.1 |
| Xavier University of Louisiana | 4.2 |
| Lehigh University | 4.7 |
| St. Bonaventure University | 4.9 |
| Bellarmine College | 4.9 |
| Pratt Institute | 5.0 |
| Seton Hall University | 5.0 |



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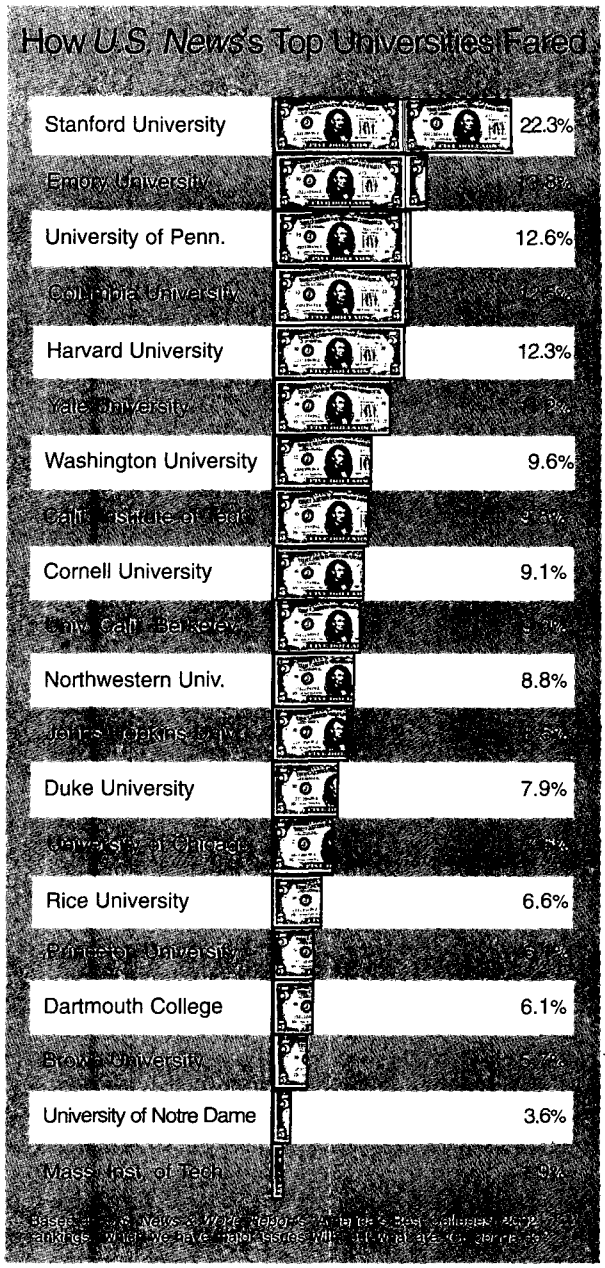
see page 18). "There are enormous punitive measures in that the Department of Education can come in any time they want, unannounced, and audit institutions and make them prove that they're meeting the rules and regulation," says one lobbyist. "Failure can get you everything from a fine to getting kicked out of the work-study program—the death penalty." But in practice, no school has been penalized in the seven years that the law has existed. Schools recognize that they can get away with openly defying the law, because, as this lobbyist puts it, "the Department of Education has always been a thinly staffed, low-prestige agency," unwilling or unable to police the schools.

Not only do many schools ignore service, many more make dubious claims of "community service" for jobs that probably shouldn't count as such. The University of Kansas gives service credits to students who work at the campus theater and art museum, since both are open to the public. At Edgewood College, which boasts Wisconsin's highest compliance level, many community service jobs are in the school's own library. And at the University of Missouri-Rolla, which spent the most community service work-study dollars in the state, most students never leave campus—instead they staff the school's golf course and financial aid office. Bob Whites, the school's director of financial assistance, reasons that "all these qualify as community service, because the facilities serve the community"—a distressingly common refrain. At Florida Memorial College, which runs mentoring and financial-advice clinics in Ft. Lauderdale, financial aid director Brian Phillips also counts as community service answering phones on campus. "[It's] a community contact," he claims. "Once the student picks up that phone, it's community service."

## Ivy League Excuses

The woeful state of work-study community service on many campuses can be traced directly to college presidents and financial aid administrators, who bristle at the thought of federal regulation. "Presidents at many prominent institutions take an adamant position that work-study is strictly financial aid"—despite the law—"and reject government telling them how to spend it, regardless of what they do," says Robert A. Corrigan, president of San Francisco State University and chairman of the university presidents' committee on America Reads.

To fend off measures such as Wofford's and Clinton's requires a powerful higher education lobby, referred to collectively as "One Dupont Circle," after the black-glass-and-marble building in Washington that many of its component institutions occupy. The lobby encompasses about 100 groups, whose size, wealth, and organization, make them a considerable force for good (increasing support for scientific research) as well as ill (deterring community-service requirements). "Of the nine federal student-aid programs for undergraduates," says Terry Hartle, a lobbyist for the American Education Council, which represents college presidents, "I think work-study is the second-most difficult for colleges and universities to administer because so many rules and regulations complicate programs like community service."




Don't see your school? Go to our website www.washingtonmonthly.com for the complete list.



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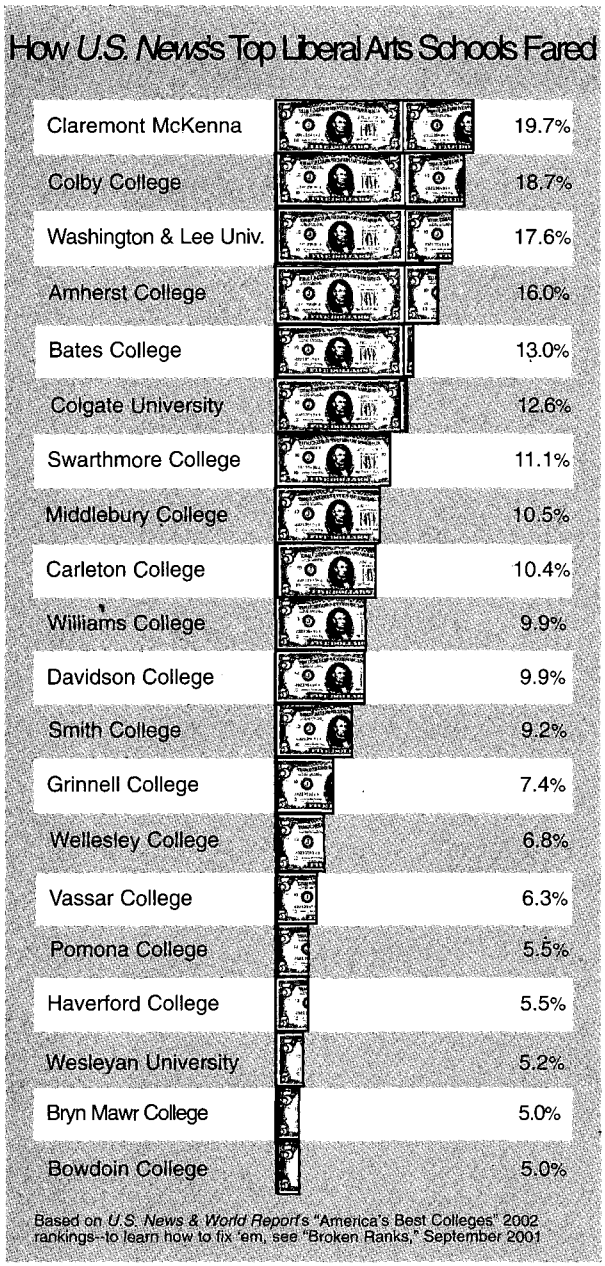


Those who oppose requiring schools to spend work-study dollars on community service generally trot out the same handful of arguments. The first is the "heavy-paperwork" claim. But while regulations do add to a college's administrative burdens, service-minded universities such as Nova Southeastern and Case Western Reserve seem to manage just fine.

A corollary to this argument is that it's too much trouble to get students from campus into the community. "The studies are so rigorous here," says Jane Smith, MIT's student employment director, "that when they have to travel off campus, it's really hard for them. They can only afford a certain number of hours a week." While it's true that some students would lose study time if MIT were to boost their service commitment, there's a certain dog-ate-my-homework quality to Smith's excuse, which becomes clear when you measure the school's record against the competition. After all, Stanford, an equally challenging school, places 22 percent of its students in service jobs. And Harvard University, just across town from MIT, achieves a rate about six times higher than MIT's. "I don't think Harvard students have any more time than MIT students," responds Harvard's student employment director.

Another common argument holds that the community-service requirement degrades work-study students. "It says that if you're low-income, we're going to force you to do service," says one financial aid director, who requested anonymity. But this is a curious complaint, unless the on-campus alternatives—washing dishes, answering phones, or caddying for school administrators—can be considered to enhance self-esteem.

It's hard not to conclude that complaints about burdensome regulations and dubious issues of fairness have less to do with red tape and social justice than with the desire of many colleges to exploit the cheap labor that work-study students supply. Many schools, especially the most expensive, have come to depend on it for low-cost help in cafeterias, libraries, and gymnasiums—jobs that might otherwise be filled with outside workers who'd demand decent wages and benefits, and in some cases would join unions. "The university administrators and lobbyists are saying, 'We want these jobs to help our budget, not to help our country or community,'" says former Sen. Wofford. And because the federal government subsidizes 75 percent of the cost of a work-study student, the price schools pay is next to nothing.

This relates to another deceptive argument which administrators summon: that forcing colleges to meet community-service requirements would hurt low-income students. Money spent hiring non-student workers, so the argument goes, would mean less money available for financial aid for needy students. Joe Russo, financial aid director at Notre Dame, says that if the community-service requirement were raised, "We might have to raise tuition to pay for it." But this argument rests on several flimsy premises. First, that the money saved is plowed back into needs-based scholarships. It isn't. Increasingly, the nation's top schools are beefing up merit scholarships—tuition discounts for the students with the highest SAT scores, who boost a school's ranking and prestige, but typically come from



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affluent families. The second faulty assumption is that all student workers would be replaced. But as anyone who's held a work-study job knows, a good chunk of campus-based assignments are make-work jobs—such as alphabetizing tests or cleaning gym equipment—that schools wouldn't actually pay to replace. In fact, some students seek out jobs that require almost no work at all. "I wanted a job where I could sit and get my homework done," explains Blake Brewster, a sophomore engineering major at Notre Dame. "That was at the information desk at the student center." The argument that reassigning some of these students to community service would drive up tuition prices is "an economic Rube Goldberg," quips Donald Kennedy, the former president of Stanford University.

In fact, schools are actually swimming in work-study funding, thanks to the Clinton-era expansion of the program from $757 million five years ago to more than $1 billion today. College financial aid officers are so flush with work-study dollars that they're awarding grants to middle- and upper-middle-class students simply by process of elimination. "Colleges suddenly have all this work-study money," says one higher education lobbyist, "and they really don't have any place else to spend it."

## Peace Corps Enrollment

The schools that produced the most volunteers in 2001

| Large Schools (over 5,000 undergraduates) | |
|---|---|
| University of Wisconsin-Madison | 93 |
| University of Colorado-Boulder | 74 |
| University of California-Berkeley | 70 |
| University of Texas-Austin | 68 |
| University of Oregon | 67 |
| University of Michigan-Ann Arbor | 65 |
| University of Virginia | 63 |
| University of California-Santa Cruz | 60 |
| University of Washington | 58 |
| Pennsylvania State University | 56 |
| **Small Schools (under 5,000 undergraduates)** | |
| Middlebury College | 32 |
| Tufts University | 22 |
| Colby College | 21 |
| Johns Hopkins University | 19 |
| Dartmouth College | 19 |
| Whitman College | 19 |
| University of Chicago | 18 |
| St. Olaf College | 18 |
| Willamette University | 17 |
| Smith College | 17 |

### The Inevitable Flake Factor

These economic pseudo-arguments are particularly galling when they come from elite private schools, which garner a disproportionate share of federal work-study funding. "The further West you go, the less well-funded are the work-study programs," says President Corrigan of San Francisco State. "If you look at the 100 schools that receive the most work-study money, they tend to be East Coast and private." Indeed, the top 20 *U.S. News* colleges and universities represent fewer than 1 percent of participating schools, yet receive nearly 6 percent of the money. That's because the top schools have rigged the system to their benefit. Many state schools and community colleges, especially in the Sun Belt, didn't exist at the advent of the work-study program in 1965. The predominantly elite, private schools that wielded influence structured the program in such a way that they received the largest allotment, a sweetheart deal they've managed to extend through grandfathering provisions each time the formula is amended. "There's an old-boy network," says Arthur Hauptman, a public-policy consultant who specializes in higher education finance. "Schools that have been in the longest get the most money." Even the new money that Clinton won for work-study went disproportionately to schools like the University of Notre Dame, Brown University, Dartmouth College, Princeton University, and MIT, which spent the least amount of money on community service.

Another frequent excuse (particularly among schools with poor service records) is that their students do plenty of volunteer work outside the work-study program. And indeed, some do. At Notre Dame, for instance, 75 to 80 percent of students get involved in community service at some point during their undergraduate years. But this supresses an important distinction by conflating volunteerism with work-study: Community agencies and nonprofits agree that work-study students are preferable to volunteers because they're more reliable—after all, their financial aid, and by extension their college education, depends on their showing up for work. "I know a work-study kid is going to commit for a full semester," says Karen Baker, who coordinated DC Reads, a citywide tutorial program that employs work-study students to teach children to read. "A volunteer might not. Unfortunately, the truth is that as the semester proceeds, student volunteers have midterms, finals, and other legitimate obligations that lead to the inevitable flake factor."


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Student volunteers are most valuable for one-time, group-intensive projects, such as cleaning a park or painting a school. But they are far less suited than work-study students for projects that require regular, longer-term commitments, such as tutoring children. "Studies prove that unless there's a minimum of 20 tutoring sessions, it's rare to have an impact on a kid," Baker says. "[Work-study students] have a much higher likelihood of sticking with the experience. Frankly, pay does that for a college student who's balancing multiple priorities."

Not only is pay an incentive to stick with a commitment, it's an incentive to seek one out. Howard University incorporated DC Reads into its work-study program during the 1997 school year and made the smart decision to pay tutors about $13 an hour (compared with $8 or $9 for typical jobs on campus). Because schools are given broad discretion in how they use "campus-based" financial aid like work-study, this is easy to do. Participation in Howard's DC Reads program skyrocketed over the next two years, peaking at 138 tutors in 2000. Due partly to this success, 20 percent of Howard's work-study funds that year were spent on community service. Unfortunately, the economic incentive works both ways. When Howard established an even pay scale for all of its work-study jobs this year—it felt it wasn't attracting enough on-campus workers—the number of tutors dropped to 27.

### The Town-Gown Divide

So why do some colleges place so many work-study kids in community service while others (often elite schools) can't seem to manage? Part of the answer, nearly everyone agrees, is commitment. There is a fundamental philosophical disagreement in the higher-education community about the purpose of federal work-study aid and whether anything should be asked of its recipients. Schools that value service don't have much trouble finding students to perform it. Schools that don't complain that it can't be done.

Another factor is the "town-gown" divide. Less-selective schools tend to draw students from their immediate geographic region, and have institutional cultures more naturally committed to the community than their elite counterparts, which tend to attract students from across the country. Many local and regional universities also have schools of education, nursing, and social work, careers in which community service seems more directly applicable than, say, physics or French lit. And finally, the hyper-competitiveness that has arisen in elite schools in recent decades has pushed aside "soft" concerns, such as community service, which get in the way of what has become their driving goal: maximizing research funding and ascending the *U.S. News & World Report* college rankings, which don't measure service, making it that much easier for competitive schools to ignore.

Instead of lagging behind other schools on community service, elite universities could be leading the way. The fact that Stanford already does so suggests others

## ROTC Enrollment

The schools with the highest annual enrollment.

| Navy (for 2001) | |
|---|---|
| Texas A & M University | 313 |
| The Citadel | 209 |
| University of San Diego | 201 |
| Virginia Polytechnic Institute | 200 |
| Purdue University | 161 |
| Villanova University | 152 |
| University of Colorado | 130 |
| Jacksonville University | 127 |
| University of Notre Dame | 127 |
| George Washington University | 124 |

| Air Force (for 2000) | |
|---|---|
| Texas A & M University | 512 |
| Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University, Fla. | 413 |
| Norwich University, Vt. | 243 |
| The Citadel | 235 |
| Brigham Young University | 220 |
| Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University, Ariz. | 217 |
| University of Arizona | 196 |
| Virginia Tech University | 186 |
| University of Washington | 175 |
| Washington State University | 172 |

| Army (for 2001) | |
|---|---|
| The Citadel | 805 |
| Texas A & M University | 688 |
| University of Georgia | 600 |
| Virginia Military Institute | 589 |
| North Georgia College | 502 |
| Western Illinois University | 415 |
| University of Alabama-Birmingham | 341 |
| Norwich University, Vt. | 322 |
| University of Puerto Rico-Mayaguez | 320 |
| New Mexico Military Institute | 318 |



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could too if they had the motivation, which Washington could provide with a few simple steps.

First, shame them. The McCain-Bayh bill, for instance, requires the Education Department to issue an annual report to Congress on which colleges and universities aren't in compliance. (A similar strategy was used in the 1980s to publicize the names of individuals who defaulted on certain types of student loans; default rates immediately plummeted.) Congress should go further and publish every school's work-service record, so that those exceeding the minimum gain public recognition. *U.S. News* could help by incorporating these figures into its rankings.

Congress should also tighten the work-study law so that schools can't get away with counting as community service such jobs as ushering at football games. And lawmakers should demand that the Department of Education start enforcing the rules. Were university presidents convinced that their federal financial aid was in jeopardy, they'd quickly comply. The government could also help by paying 100 percent of the wages of students who work in legitimate community-service jobs. Currently, it meets 75 percent of work-study students' wage; the rest is left to the nonprofit or community agencies employing them, many of which can't afford it. If the federal government were to meet the full cost—as it does now for reading and math tutoring—thousands of new opportunities for service would suddenly open up.

All of which would solve the real problem. Because it's not that students don't want to serve; it's that schools don't give them enough opportunity. ●

*Research by Carmen Mauriello, Deanna Zammit, Scott Lauck, Lisa Smith, Takashi Yokota. Graphics by Christina Larson.*

## The Worst of the Worst: Schools in Violation of Law,

according to 1999-2000 Dept. of Education data

ALCORN STATE UNIVERSITY
ALLEN SCHOOL
ALLEN UNIVERSITY
ALLENTOWN COLLEGE OF SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES
AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL COLLEGE
AMERICAN RIVER COLLEGE
AQUINAS COLLEGE, MASS.
ST. THOMAS AQUINAS COLLEGE, N.Y.
ART INSTITUTE OF PITTSBURGH
ASSUMPTION COLLEGE
ATLANTA TECHNICAL INSTITUTE
AURORA UNIVERSITY
BELHAVEN COLLEGE
BLAIR COLLEGE
BOSSIER PARISH CC
BREWTON PARKER COLLEGE
BRICK COMPUTER SCIENCE INST.
BROWN COL. OF COURT REPORTING & MEDICAL TRANSCRIPTION
BROWN INSTITUTE
BURLINGTON COLLEGE
BUTLER UNIVERSITY
CALIFORNIA COL. OF ARTS & CRAFTS
CALIFORNIA CULINARY ACADEMY
CAMBRIA COUNTY AREA CC
CAPITOL COLLEGE
CCS COLLEGE OF ART AND DESIGN
CENTRAL METHODIST COLLEGE
CENTRAL MISSOURI STATE UNIV.
CHI INSTITUTE
CHICAGO SCHOOL OF PROF. PSYCH.
CHRISTIAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
CHRISTOPHER NEWPORT UNIV.
CHURCH OF GOD THEOLOGICAL SEM.
COLLEGE OF MOUNT SAINT JOSEPH
COLLEGE OF SANTA FE
COLLEGE OF SAINT JOSEPH
COLLEGE OF THE HOLY CROSS
COLUMBIA COLLEGE
COLUMBIA JUNIOR COLLEGE
COLUMBIA THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
COLUMBIA UNION COLLEGE
COMMONWEALTH BUSINESS COL.
COMPUTER EDUCATION INSTITUTE
CONVERSE COLLEGE
COUNTY COLLEGE OF MORRIS
DELGADO CC
DICKINSON COLLEGE
DULL KNIFE MEMORIAL COLLEGE
EASTERN COLLEGE
FLORIDA NATIONAL COLLEGE
FRANKLIN COLLEGE
FREE WILL BAPTIST BIBLE COLLEGE
GARRETT EVAN THEOLOGICAL SEM.
GEORGE FOX UNIVERSITY
GEORGIA MEDICAL INSTITUTE
GLOBAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE
GOUCHER COLLEGE
HOLY NAMES COLLEGE
HOUSTON BAPTIST UNIVERSITY
ILLINOIS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
IMMACULATA COLLEGE
INSTITUTO TECNICO DEL FUTURO
KATHARINE GIBBS SCHOOL
LABOURE COLLEGE
LANDMARK COLLEGE
LOS ANGELES CITY COLLEGE
LOUISIANA COLLEGE
MANHATTANVILLE COLLEGE
MASS COLLEGE OF PHARMACY AND ALLIED HEALTH SCIENCE
MASSACHUSETTS INST. OF TECH.
MASTER'S COLLEGE AND SEMINARY
MCINTOSH COLLEGE
MERCER COUNTY CC
METHODIST THEOLOGICAL SCHL. OHIO
MIDWESTERN UNIVERSITY
MILWAUKEE SCHL. OF ENGINEERING
MISSISSIPPI VALLEY STATE UNIV.
MOHAWK VALLEY CC
MONMOUTH UNIVERSITY
MORRIS BROWN COLLEGE
MUSICIANS INSTITUTE
NATIONAL COL. OF CHIROPRACTIC
NATIONAL HOLISTIC INSTITUTE
N.C. SCHL. OF THE ARTS
NORTHEAST WISCONSIN TECHNICAL COLLEGE
NOTRE DAME COLLEGE
NOTRE DAME SEMINARY
OCEAN COUNTY COLLEGE
ORLANDO COLLEGE
OTIS COLLEGE OF ART AND DESIGN
PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION
PARKS COLLEGE
PEIRCE COLLEGE
PLATT COLLEGE
PROVO COLLEGE
RANDOLPH-MACON COLLEGE
RANGER COLLEGE
ROCHESTER BUSINESS INSTITUTE
ROCKLAND CC
SAINT FRANCIS COLLEGE
SAINT JOSEPH COLLEGE
SAINT LUKE'S COLLEGE
SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE
SANTA MONICA COLLEGE
SHELBY STATE CC
SISSETON-WAHPETON CC
SOUTH CAROLINA STATE UNIVERSITY
SOUTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY
SOUTHERN POLYTECHNIC STATE UNIV.
SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY-A & M COL.
SOUTHWESTERN MICHIGAN COLLEGE
SPALDING UNIVERSITY
SPRINGFIELD COLLEGE IN ILLINOIS
TEIKYO POST UNIVERSITY
TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
TEXAS COLLEGE
TEXAS LUTHERAN UNIVERSITY
THE AMERICAN INTERCONTINENTAL UNIV.
THE COLLEGE OF WOOSTER
THE CREATIVE CIRCUS
THE MEDIX SCHOOLS
THE SAGE COLLEGES
THOMPSON INSTITUTE
TENNESSEE TECHNOLOGY CENTER AT MCMINNVILLE
TRINITY COLLEGE OF PUERTO RICO
TRUMBULL BUSINESS COLLEGE
TULSA CC
UNIVERSITY OF HOUSTON-CLEAR LAKE
UNIVERSITY OF CENTRAL OKLAHOMA
UNIVERSITY OF FINDLAY
UNIVERSITY OF HOUSTON-UNIV. PARK
UNIVERSITY OF NEW ORLEANS
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH TEXAS
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS-PAN AMERICAN
UNIVERSITY OF THE ARTS
VALLEY FORGE MILITARY COLLEGE
WADE COLLEGE
WARREN WILSON COLLEGE
WEBBER COLLEGE
WEBSTER UNIVERSITY
WESTERN UNIV. OF HEALTH SCI.
WESTWOOD COL. OF AVIATION TECH.
WESTWOOD COLLEGE OF TECH.
WORCESTER POLYTECHNIC INST.
WORLDWIDE EDUCATIONAL SERVICES
XAVIER UNIVERSITY OF LOUISIANA


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# Comrades in Arms

*Meet the former Soviet mobsters who sell terrorists their guns.*

BY KEN SILVERSTEIN

THERE IS NOTHING REMARKABLE about Cinisello Balsamo, a working-class town in Northern Italy just outside Milan. No famous churches or ruins. No great bars or restaurants. Tourists seldom visit. The rich do not go there to see or be seen. All of which was fine with Leonid Minin; the shadowy, Ukranian-born Israeli millionaire wasn't looking for attention. During his frequent visits to Cinisello Balsamo, Minin liked to stay at the equally anonymous Hotel Europa, across the street from the town's main cathedral, where $75 can get you a double room and the privacy to do what you want. Which is what Minin was doing until the wee hours of August 5, 2000, when police, acting on a tip, barged into Room 341 and found Minin surrounded by four naked prostitutes, 58 grams of cocaine and half a million dollars worth of diamonds.

A further search turned up a green briefcase stuffed with some 1,500 documents in English, Russian, Dutch, and French. Months later, after translating and reviewing the documents, Italian law enforcement authorities discovered that they had stumbled upon an international arms dealer. Minin, they say, had been running guns from Eastern Europe to the regime of Charles Taylor in Liberia and to the Revolutionary United Front (RUF), a vicious guerrilla group in neighboring Sierra Leone—both of which are banned from receiving weapons under a United Nations arms embargo. Now Minin is in jail awaiting trial on arms-trafficking charges. If convicted—the trial is expected to get underway as early as this spring—he faces up to 12 years in prison.

The paper trail seized by the police offers a rare glimpse into the new and usually opaque world of post-Cold-War international arms brokers. It shows how a new generation of black market suppliers have helped turn the former Soviet bloc into a weapons warehouse for outlaw regimes, insurgencies, and terrorist groups.

In late 1997 and early 1998, planes laden with arms departed from the Ukraine and flew to Peshawar in Pakistan. From there, the materiel was trucked to the Taliban government in Kabul. During the 1990s, Iraq and Yugoslavia bought tens of millions of dollars worth of weapons with the help of black market suppliers based in Eastern Europe, despite being the objects of U.N. embargoes at the time. And while it's difficult to trace back weapons shipments to their original supplier, U.S. government officials believe that black market arms find their way to weapons bazaars in places like Somalia, Pakistan, and Yemen, and from there are bought by terrorist groups.

The primary destination of most of the illicit small arms is Africa, where eleven major conflicts (involving 32 countries) have erupted during the past decade. Among the bloodiest are those in Liberia and Sierra Leone, where tens of thousands of people have been killed, half a million have become refugees, and as many as two million have been displaced.

Italian authorities suspect that Minin may have ties to a number of other Eastern European gunrunners who have been arrested in their country over the past few years. "It's important to stop this now because

KEN SILVERSTEIN *is a Washington-based journalist who writes frequently about the arms trade.* *This story was prepared with the help of a grant from the Fund for Investigative Journalism. Thanks also to Alice Blondel of Global Witness, for providing important material on Minin..*



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otherwise the problem could explode here," says Walter Mapelli, the prosecutor who is preparing the case against Minin.

The Italians aren't the only ones worried about the likes of Minin. U.S. officials and security experts say that the small-arms trade fuels the growing instability that breeds and harbors terrorism. "The chaos that exists in parts of Africa has created a black hole where terrorists can come and go and conceal their activities," says an administration official who requested anonymity. His views are echoed by Rep. Ed Royce (R-Calif.), chairman of the House Africa Subcommittee. At a hearing on Nov. 16, he charged that international terrorist cells are operating in several African countries. "U.S. policies toward all regions of the world have been forced to adjust to the post-September 11 world," he said. "The general weakness of African governments makes parts of the continent hospitable grounds for terrorist operations."

One of the hospitable parts of the continent that Royce had in mind is Liberia, where arms dealers, drug traffickers, Eastern European mobsters, and mercenaries have all found safe haven under Taylor. So, too, has Osama bin Laden's al Qaeda network, according to a recent story in *The Washington Post* which reported that al Qaeda set up shop in Liberia in 1998 and has earned millions of dollars by buying cheap diamonds from Taylor's government and selling them in Europe. Last March, the U.S. government backed a United Nations resolution that banned travel by senior Liberian officials and Monrovia's chief financial and military supporters, including Minin. Now, the Bush administration is supporting efforts to tighten sanctions in an effort to cut the flow of weapons to Liberia and the RUF, which is supported by Taylor's regime.

Lee Wolosky, a former National Security Council official, calls black-market dealers a new and significant security threat. "There can be no world order with these international criminal syndicates running amok," says Wolosky, who until last July headed a little-known interagency working group charged with monitoring and controlling the small arms trade. "They have significantly increased regional destabilization in Africa and threaten the transition to law-based democratic states in Central and Eastern Europe."

## Missiles in a Pig Pen

The lion's share of the international arms trade consists of above-board deals between corporate entities and national governments—Lockheed Martin selling a package of F-16 fighter planes to Chile, to cite one recent example. In such cases, private brokers have no role. Lockheed negotiates directly with Chilean government officials and submits the proper paperwork for review at the Office of Defense Trade Controls, the State Department agency charged with overseeing the arms business.

However, private brokers are essential in moving weapons to regimes under international embargoes or to insurgents or terrorists who have no legal means of purchasing arms. Brokers cover the tracks with complex financial transactions that make it almost impossible to follow the money, bribes to ensure that customs inspectors and other officials avert their gaze from illicit cargo, and bogus documents, especially "end-user certificates" that show a false destination for the arms. Once shipped, the goods are re-routed to their true destination.

During the Cold War, a small number of arms dealers with close ties to the CIA or KGB dominated the private weapons trade. As the Soviet bloc imploded, a new generation of arms dealers appeared on the scene. Their ranks include numerous Eastern European mobsters, who are likely to be involved in drug trafficking, prostitution, and other criminal activities as well as weapons peddling. Cold War-era arms dealers were certainly not paragons of virtue, but they sometimes had ideological as well as financial motives. Minin, like most of the new breed, arranged black-market transfers with only "the pure motive of pure profit" in mind (as George Bernard Shaw put it in *Major Barbara*, his satire of the arms business).

It's impossible to know precisely how much weaponry is moved on the black market, but estimates range from hundreds of millions of dollars to several billion dollars' worth per year. Due to the nature of what they sell, private dealers play an especially significant role in geopolitical affairs. Approximately 90 percent of all war victims are killed by small arms—three million people in the last 10 years alone. Herbert Calhoun, a senior foreign affairs specialist at the State Department's Bureau of Political-Military Affairs until retiring last November, calls small arms "today's real weapons of mass destruction."

Rep. Tony Hall (D-Ohio), the author of legislation passed by the House in late November that is designed to stop the sale of "conflict diamonds"—gems that pay for African wars—says that there are practical as well as humanitarian reasons to police the black-market trade. "If we turn our back and


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ignore the problem, we're liable to get sucked in anyway," he says. "The wars in Africa can be so disruptive and brutal that the U.S. ends up committing money and sometimes troops to stop them."

Yet law enforcement agencies have a hard time combating Minin and other black-market dealers because, says Wolosky, they are "stateless" threats. They typically use one jurisdiction as a hub, a second as a banking center, a third to buy arms, a fourth as a weapons depot and on and on. "They operate like drug cartels," says Wolosky. "They disguise their identities and business operations so well that it's hard to know the scope of their activities or even who is involved."

Another problem in combating illegal trafficking is that the U.S. government, like many others, is perfectly happy to use arms dealers to carry out covert deals when it is deemed to be in the national interest (see sidebar). The Reagan era marked the halcyon days for such "gray-market" transfers, with the U.S. employing numerous brokers to secretly funnel weapons to guerrilla groups in Nicaragua, Afghanistan, and Angola. More recently, the Clinton administration turned a blind eye to covert arms transfers that Iran organized to Bosnian Muslim forces during the war in the Balkans.

At the U.N. small arms conference held last summer, the Bush administration refused to sign an agreement until a clause was dropped that would have banned armed sales to guerrilla groups. One immediate reason for American opposition to the clause, according to a source who is close to intelligence officials, is that the administration has hopes of establishing a major covert-weapons pipeline to opponents of Saddam Hussein. (Of course, following the September 11 attacks, the United States may

## The CIA's Favorite Gunrunner

In addition to secrecy, arms dealers provide a commodity dear to all intelligence agencies, namely plausible deniability in the event that an illegal or embarrassing operation comes to light. "Deniability is crucial," explains a former CIA man who ran major covert operations during the 1980s, and who, like many insiders willing to discuss the arms trade, would only speak anonymously. "The last thing you want is a paper trail that leads back to Langley, Virginia."

One man upon whom U.S. intelligence agencies frequently relied upon to hide the paper trail is Sarkis Soghanalian, whose 40-year career in the arms business began when he armed Christian militias in Lebanon at the request of the CIA and who subsequently supplied a variety of America's Third World friends. Soghanalian's operations were hardly a secret. He had offices in Miami and during the mid-1980s allowed a CNN reporter to fly with him to Iraq (then allied with the U.S. against Iran) and film him discussing business with military officers. Soghanalian's contacts to U.S. intelligence agencies were impressive. When former CIA deputy director Daniel Murphy traveled to Panama in 1987 and tried to convince General Manuel Noriega to cede power, he flew on Soghanalian's private jet.

Over the years, U.S. Customs, the FBI, and a number of other government agencies investigated Soghanalian. In 1981, a federal grand jury indicted him for brokering the sale of machine guns to Mauritania. He faced 15 years in prison if convicted, but a plea bargain was struck—after Soghanalian's attorney submitted a sealed court statement describing his "great assistance to the United States"—that resulted in a sentence of five years probation. Ten years later, after the Gulf War definitively shattered U.S. ties to Saddam Hussein, Soghanalian was convicted for conspiring to sell combat helicopters to Iraq. He was sentenced to six years but released after only a year in prison in exchange for helping U.S. officials smash a Middle East counterfeiting ring. Last year, Soghanalian was again in U.S. court, this time in Los Angeles where he faced charges for allegedly cashing stolen checks for more than $3 million. Once again, prosecutors negotiated a plea bargain, even as Peruvian authorities sought to question Soghanalian about his suspected role in a recent illegal arms deal in South America. The terms of the deal were not disclosed, but in exchange for providing useful information to the government Soghanalian got off with time served.

Keith Prager, a former U.S. Customs agent who helped lead the investigation and prosecution of Soghanalian for the Iraqi helicopter sales, says the whole case was bizarre. Soghanalian boasted of high-level contacts—he had pictures of himself with various Reagan administration officials that tended to back him up—and complained that the CIA approved his actions in Iraq but later abandoned him. Meanwhile, the agency provided virtually no assistance to prosecutors as they prepared for trial. "In an arms-trafficking case, you never know who's on your side," Prager says. "If it suits their purposes, [intelligence agencies] will allow you to pursue the case; if not, they'll try to derail you."



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directly topple Hussein.)

For brokers, securing weapons has never been easier. Most of the former Communist states are in dire economic straits and desperate for hard currency; they see arms sales, covert or overt, as a means of generating it. The illegal arms trade is further driven by rampant corruption in military bureaucracies in Eastern Europe, where plenty of insiders have grown rich on bribes and kickbacks. Much of the dirty money comes from Mafia organizations, which buy weapons directly from state factories and military stocks, then warehouse the materiel at makeshift depots around the former East Bloc. One American arms broker I interviewed told of inspecting surface-to-air missiles (SAMs) and other merchandise offered by a seller in Armenia. The goods were stored in empty stalls at a pig farm.

Besides Ukraine, Bulgaria has emerged as the supplier of choice for black market dealers. Kintex, a state-owned arms exporter established during the Communist era, has supplied clients ranging from Burundi—where it armed both government forces and insurgents fighting against them—to Croatia, which turned to Sofia for help during the Balkans war. In one case, Kintex was caught shipping weapons to the Croats on an end-user certificate that showed Bolivia as the purchaser. This raised suspicions, since Bolivia exclusively uses NATO-standard arms. So did the fact that the certificate's signer, the illustrious General Juan Carlos Montano, turned out not to exist.

Russia, a country which the Bush administration has been avidly courting, has made increased arms exports a central component of its foreign policy. Rosvoorouzhenie, the state-owned firm that handles about 90 percent of overseas sales, publishes a weapons catalogue that offers "not only the most updated high-tech samples of Russian armaments but also a variety of tailor-made versions compatible with systems manufactured in other countries." Moscow's weapons have also been liberally supplied to black-market dealers. According to news accounts, members of the Russian mafia have supplied arms to Chechen rebels who use them to kill Russian soldiers.

David Adler, a former CIA case officer who followed the Eastern European weapons pipeline, points out that after the fall of Communism, the former Soviet Bloc countries didn't have many viable exports. "Nobody was lining up to buy their cars," he says. "Weapons became their cash crop."

A retired U.S. intelligence officer who has brokered arms transfers out of Eastern Europe laughed when I asked how difficult it would be for him to arrange an illicit deal—say for a few hundred Russian-made SAMs. Obtaining a range of price quotes from his sources—European-based brokers with good contacts in the East, officials at various Ministries of Defense, higher-ups at a few scattered weapons factories—would take no more than 48 hours. For a bogus end-user certificate, he'd turn to a European arms dealer who traditionally kept a stack in his safe. "The seller would need some time to get an export license, then you charter a plane to pick up the goods and away they go," says this source. "The whole process could be completed in a month."

The ready availability of small arms, combined with a glut of weapons available through legal channels, has made prices absurdly low. A July 1999 report by the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research said that in some African countries an AK-47 Kalashnikov assault rifle can be had for as little as $6. "In some countries it is easier and cheaper to buy an AK-47 than to attend a movie or provide a decent meal," the report said. The American arms broker I interviewed said that a shoulder-fired SA-7 surface-to-air missile, an older Russian model that is largely ineffective against the most modern military aircraft but deadly if used by a terrorist against a commercial airliner, goes for about $8,000 on the black market. Newer Russian IGLAs, which are far more accurate and can bring down a helicopter gunship or a low-flying combat plane, are available for about $25,000.

## Diamonds in the RUF

Investigators who are examining Minin's activities—not only the Italian authorities but also a panel at the U.N.—have uncovered a long pattern of murky business dealings. Born in Odessa in 1947, Minin emigrated to Israel in the 1970s and established a global web of companies, many of them discreetly incorporated offshore. Minin's primary business vehicle is Monaco-based Limad AG, which also has offices in Switzerland, China, and Russia, while his business interests include—in addition to arms—timber, chemicals, food, clothing, scrap metal, and oil. A U.N. report from 2000 on arms trafficking into Liberia reports that Minin uses dozens of aliases and travels with passports from Germany, Israel, Russia, Bolivia, and Greece. "[He] has a history of involvement in criminal activities ranging from east European organized crime, trafficking in stolen works of art, illegal possession of fire arms, arms trafficking, and money laundering," says the report.


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Minin's business contacts and associates are equally unsavory. They have included Vladimir Missyurin, a Russian mobster who was shot and killed near Brussels in 1994, Alexander Angert, a Ukrainian mafioso and convicted murderer affectionately nicknamed The Angel, and Alexander Zukhov, a Ukrainian emigre who Italian authorities arrested last April and charged with illegally funneling weapons to Croatia during the Balkans war.

By the late-1990s, Minin had become a major broker of arms to Liberia, where Charles Taylor took power in 1997 following a seven-year civil war that the writer Kenneth Cain has described as "a relentless campaign of sadistic, wanton violence unimaginable to those unfamiliar with the details of man's capacity to visit the abyss." According to Cain, Taylor "inaugurated the use of grade school-age children as scouts, spies, and cannon fodder [and] explicitly employed terror tactics, ethnic cleansing, and political assassinations." Taylor brought this same style of rule to the presidency, which he assumed in July 1997. The political opposition and press have been largely silenced and Human Rights Watch says in its most recent report on Liberia that members of the police and armed forces act "with complete impunity" in carrying out harassment, extortion, mistreatment, killings, "disappearances," and torture.

In foreign policy, Taylor is chiefly known for providing Sierra Leone's RUF with weaponry, military training, and logistical support. In return for his backing, the RUF—which routinely amputates the limbs of those who oppose it—supplies Taylor with looted diamonds from areas it controls. (There are now hopes that the terrible war in Sierra Leone may be winding down. Thousands of RUF fighters have trooped into demobilization camps during the past year, U.N. forces have been deployed across the country and elections are set for this May.)

While most Liberians live in dire poverty, Taylor has plenty of money for his personal use and to finance arms purchases for his security forces. Diamonds from the RUF are a primary source of his funding, which investigators believe explains the haul of gemstones found in Minin's possession at the time of his arrest.

Under Taylor's rule, arms traffickers have prospered in Liberia, among them Gus Kouwenhoven, a Dutch national who runs the Hotel Africa outside Monrovia, and the notorious Victor Bout, a Russian broker based in the United Arab Emirates (see sidebar). Minin, though, was the best-connected gunrunner in the country, as well as the most visible. When in Liberia, he lived in a compound near Kouwenhoven's hotel and was invariably escorted by a three-man security detail. He was well known as a chronic cocaine user and frequent client of local prostitutes.

**In some African countries, an AK-47 Kalashnikov assualt rifle can be bought for $6—less than a movie.**

In addition to providing the government with arms, Minin was involved in the diamond trade and operated a logging company called Exotic Tropical Timber Enterprise. Alex Vines, who served on the U.N. panel of experts that reported on Liberia, says Minin supplied arms to Taylor in the hopes of winning timber concessions for his firm.

The key to Minin's success was his intimate tie to Taylor. So close were the two men that in late 1998, Minin turned over his personal jet to Taylor for use as Liberia's presidential plane. The aircraft—a $2 million, 27-seat BAC 1-11 that Minin bought through an Orlando, Florida-based firm called Cortran International—had previously served as the team plane for the N.B.A.'s Seattle Supersonics. Taylor was so anxious to use it that he never bothered to paint over the club's insignia on the tail. As soon as he took possession, Taylor dispatched the plane to Niger to pick up a consignment of weapons from the armed forces, which were brought back to Liberia and sent to the RUF. A few days after receiving the arms, the rebels launched a bloody offensive that left at least 5,000 people dead and ultimately gave the RUF control of the country's best diamond fields. Taylor himself flew on Minin's plane to attend regional peace negotiations in Togo and to attend the presidential inauguration in Nigeria.

Lou Leggett of Cortran became friendly with Minin and traveled with him to Monaco and Rome, both cities where Minin maintained multimillion-dollar homes. Leggett—who says he was unaware of his friend's involvement with weapons or drugs—also flew with Minin to Odessa and Moscow in the hopes of meeting potential clients for Cortran. He



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recalls that when Minin's plane landed at the airport, a team of heavily armed bodyguards would rush to greet it. "Everywhere we went these guys would surround the plane," he says. "It scared the hell out of me."

In the course of conducting business, Minin travelled frequently between Africa and Europe, with Italy becoming a primary base for his operations. His lifestyle was hardly extravagant, at least in the conventional sense. At Cinisello Balsamo, he generally stayed at the Hotel Europa, of which he was the majority owner. He also owned a small apartment in a drab six-story building, located on an industrial strip that is home to a Kodak plant, a tire factory, and a boarded-up electronic store outlet. According to law enforcement authorities, Minin preferred a Ukrainian diet of cabbages, potatoes, and onions to expensive restaurant fare. He did have an enormous appetite for sex and drugs, however, which proved to be his downfall.

The man in charge of the Minin investigation is Salvatore la Barbera, who in the early 1990s led the successful probe into the Cosa Nostra hit on two anti-Mafia judges, Giovanni Falcone and Paolo Borsellino. Now head of the state police's organized crime unit in Milan, la Barbera said that he had been alarmed by the material turned over to his office by the local police in Cinisello Balsamo. "It is not com-

## The Taliban's Favorite Gunrunner

Of all the arms dealers who have emerged since the end of the Cold War, Victor Bout stands out as today's leading merchant of death. He heads a network that the U.N. has described as "well-funded, well-connected, and well-versed in brokering and logistics, with the ability to move illicit cargo around the world without raising the suspicions of law enforcement."

Bout, who is believed to be only 35 years old, was born in Tashkent. He trained with the Russian air force and worked with the KGB, which helped him develop a network of military and intelligence contacts in the former Soviet bloc. Currently residing in the United Arab Emirates, he is said to have five passports, utilizes as many as seven aliases, and does business with arms trading companies in Eastern Europe, Central Asia, and Africa. Bout uses five airlines that he owns to ship the weapons he sells; he has a total fleet of at least 60 planes and employs 300 people. According to a report from the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research, he operates in at least nine countries in Africa and takes payment in cash, diamonds, and other gemstones.

Bout's earliest arms deals were in Afghanistan, where in 1995 he was arming the government against the Taliban, which took power the following year. According to a source familiar with his activities, the Taliban interdicted one of Bout's supply flights, which led him to change clients. "He's a very enterprising person," says this source. "When his plane was detained, he used the opportunity as a business introduction to the Taliban."

In Africa, Bout has fueled every recent major conflict. In the mid-1990s, he allegedly supplied Hutu radicals from Rwanda who had earlier murdered nearly one million Tutsis. In Angola, he has armed both sides of the fighting in a two-decades-long civil war, though he has favored the rebel group known as UNITA, which is under a blanket U.N. arms embargo. Bout has sold UNITA everything from heavy weapons to light arms, mostly bought from Bulgarian sources. Bout has recently been active in the Democratic Republic of Congo, where he has provided fuel, arms, and transport planes for rebel groups.

Bout is considered such a serious threat that the U.S. government has a concerted program aimed at putting him out of business, and preferably in jail. The reason for the government's concern is not only the geographic scope of Bout's activities, but that no other broker has the logistical capability to supply both small arms and major weapons systems. American officials say Bout has supplied the Taylor regime with helicopter gunships, and he is believed to have sold tanks to other clients. "If you are a terrorist or a rogue head of state and you have a problem relating to weapons, Victor is the man to call," says former National Security Council official Lee Wolosky.

Together with the Britishers who have deployed troops in West Africa that could be targeted by weapons supplied by Bout—the U.S. has been quietly pressuring governments that have harbored Bout. The strategy has not resulted in his arrest, but it has required him to shift his operations. South Africa forced him out a few years ago, leading Bout to take up residence in Sharjah in the UAE. The Emirates has not thus far deported Bout—and given that the UAE is a close American and British ally, that probably means he is paying off top officials—but it has reportedly put him on a tighter leash. "This is a new type of problem and we're at the early stages of combating these criminal syndicates," says Wolosky. "To a certain extent we're still groping."



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mon that we investigate when the crimes are committed in a foreign country, but it was felt to be important as [the evidence suggested Minin] might be part of an international criminal organization," he observed during an interview at police headquarters.

La Barbera recently concluded his work and sent a report to Mapelli, the prosecutor, who works in the nearby town of Monza. It's a charming place with windy stone streets and a famous cathedral that holds the jeweled crown worn by Charlemagne when he was crowned emperor of the West in the year 800, but Mapelli's office sits on a bland stretch amid apartment buildings, a gas station and a McDonald's. Mapelli showed me some of the documents that investigators used to piece together the two specific weapons deals that led to the court charges Minin now faces. The first transaction took place in March 1999, when Minin helped ship 68 tons of weapons from the Ukraine to Burkina Faso. The latter country, which could legally buy arms, served merely as a brief pass- through point for the operation. From there, Minin's private jet carried the weapons to Monrovia in a series of back-to-back flights. Part of the materiel remained with Taylor's forces and the rest was sent on to the RUF.

Minin organized the second deal, which took place 16 months later, with the help of Valery Cherny, a longtime Moscow-based associate. Ukraine once again supplied the weapons—113 tons of materiel, including assault rifles, grenade launchers, night-vision equipment, and eight million rounds of ammunition—but this time the Ivory Coast served as the cutout. After being flown there, the weapons were transferred to a waiting plane that carried them on to Monrovia. The end-user for the deal, according to documents found in Minin's briefcase, was provided by Ivory Coast dictator General Robert Guei, who was overthrown in a coup three months later. "Minin may have been taking part in other criminal activities, but what we know for certain is that he arranged these two deals," Mapelli said.

As the prosecution prepares for trial, Minin seems to be having a hard time mounting his defense. By all appearances he's a highly temperamental man and has already gone through four attorneys, most recently Pietro Traini from Milan. I had an interview scheduled with Traini, but Minin fired him a few days before I arrived in Italy and he said that he could no longer discuss specifics of the case. "I represented him for three months only and I am very tired," he said with a shake of his head. "He is a difficult, difficult client." Minin's civil attorney in Rome, Giorgio Sbarbara, is seeking new criminal representation for his client. He, too, refused to comment on the case other than to say that Minin is "refuting all the charges."

For his part, Minin—who is not allowed to speak with the press—denies any involvement in the arms trade. During an interrogation with investigators, Minin claimed that the documents found in his hotel room belonged to Valery Cherny, and that he had inadvertently slipped them into his briefcase when the two men met in Bulgaria a few days prior to his arrest.

Meanwhile, groups like Human Rights Watch and Global Witness are pressing governments to take steps to restrict the black-market trade. One suggestion is to establish a centralized international agency to authenticate end-user certificates, which would minimize the use of forged documents. In March 2000, a U.N. panel recommended that sanctions be imposed on any nation that deliberately violates international arms embargoes.

U.S. officials would not provide details about the government's initiatives: "The problem is being addressed at a classified level," one explained. In off the record conversations, they say that because virtually all black-market transfers take place outside the U.S., American officials can only pass on information to foreign law enforcement agencies and urge them to take action. Perhaps the greatest possibility to pressure Eastern European governments is in regard to NATO membership. "Almost all of them want to join and we need to let them know that facilitating black market sales will not increase their chances," says one source.

Of course, the broader problem is that in the weapons business, as with the drug trade, there is an abundance of buyers and sellers. "Minin is important but he's not unique," says Alex Vines. "There are plenty of others like him who Taylor and others can turn to if they want to buy weapons." ●

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# Tom Daschle's Hillary Problem

*If the Senate majority leader runs for president, what will voters think of his lobbyist wife?*

BY STEPHANIE MENCIMER

WHEN MOST PEOPLE GET ENGAGED, they spend a few months talking to caterers, DJs, florists and the like in preparation for the big day. But when Linda Hall got engaged, she had to add another consultation to the prenuptial arrangements: a government ethics lawyer. Hall was about to marry Tom Daschle, who was then a young member of the House of Representatives running for re-election and who wanted his campaign to pay for Hall to accompany him on a South Dakota campaign trip. Normally, such a request wouldn't have been necessary, but Hall, a regional director for the now-defunct Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB), was barred as a federal employee from campaign activities by the Hatch Act. With a few caveats, the CAB ethics lawyers signed off on her trip, Daschle won the election, and the pair was married in 1984.

Linda Hall Daschle's prenuptial ethics consultation would be the first of many she has sought over her 17 years as the working wife of a man who is now the most powerful Democrat in Washington. And the ethical questions woven into their marriage have gotten more complex as both Daschles have grown in power and stature in Washington—he as a senator and she as a high-powered lobbyist.

Tom Daschle has demonstrated tremendous leadership skills since taking over as majority leader last spring, in a body where Democrats have a one-vote majority. Immensely popular, his stellar performance has Washington buzzing that Daschle will be a presidential contender in 2004. Daschle's successful maneuvering to block key parts of President Bush's domestic agenda also has Republicans on the attack, challenging Daschle on his home turf in South Dakota with negative advertising. If Daschle does seek higher office, or even if the business of Congress becomes more contentious, those attacks will inescapably become more personal. He may find himself answering some pointed questions about his wife's career and its relationship to his. It won't be pretty.

The landmines in Linda Daschle's professional portfolio will make Hillary Clinton's pork futures and law-firm billings look like mousetraps. For instance, among Linda Daschle's clients is American Airlines, which has had six fatal crashes since 1994 (not even including the World Trade Center flights). The airline has incurred thousands of dollars in federal fines for a host of safety violations, and its employees have been caught in embarrassing drug smuggling stings. Even as its planes have crashed, American has lobbied for years to water down safety and security regulations that might have helped foil the World Trade Center attacks. Yet thanks in part to lobbying efforts by Daschle—and support from her husband—American Airlines got a free pass in the recent airline bailout bill, escaping most legal liability for the hijackings and getting $583 million in cash grants—taxpayer money it will never have to repay.

Mrs. Daschle insists that she has consulted with congressional ethics staff and is in violation of no rules by lobbying on behalf of American and other clients. She voluntarily recuses herself from any business with the Senate, which she strictly does not lobby. And she

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can point to her record as a former Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) deputy administrator when she says that her clients hire her for her aviation expertise—a field in which she was working long before she married the senator.

But it's not congressional ethics investigators who are most likely to frown on Daschle's lobbying vita. It's the American people, especially the voters of South Dakota. After all, as the wife of the governor of Arkansas, Hillary Clinton sought to minimize any appearance of conflict of interest by refusing a cut of her law firm's earnings from state business. But that didn't save her—or her husband—from eventually getting raked over the coals under allegations that Hillary's career might have benefited from her husband's office. And her biggest offense, it turned out, was representing a failing savings and loan seeking a reprieve from a securities commissioner appointed by her husband—a reprieve it didn't get.

So far, while the press has reported on Linda Daschle's lobbying efforts, it hasn't elevated it to anything like a bona fide scandal. Nor has the GOP, despite its recent attacks on her husband. But that could change. It doesn't take Lee Atwater to see how Mrs. Daschle's professional life might play out in a nasty re-election or presidential campaign: "Sen. Daschle's wife: Lobbyist for Nation's Most Dangerous Airline," or "Majority leader's wife lobbied to make airlines less safe." Already the emails are circulating. Just after a *USA Today* story on the FAA's failure to address the problem of violent passengers on airlines, one proclaimed: "Linda Daschle's FAA failed to heed pre 9-11 warnings." The chat rooms of the popular conservative rant site, *Free Republic*, are filled with complaints about Linda Daschle's business dealings, a sign that conservatives are paying attention.

But Daschle seems genuinely shocked to hear that her career could become a political liability for her husband. "What is it about Linda Daschle's actions that have any bearing on Tom Daschle's public service? I just don't see the connection," she says. "I think a congressional spouse is entitled to a career, self-fulfillment. I love what I do. I love aviation. I love aviation policy. I don't see myself walking away from a career that I've invested nearly 25 years in." Instead, she hopes that, as more and more congressional spouses take up lobbying careers, eventually the media will stop asking these pesky conflict-of-interest questions.

But reporters are no more likely to stop asking questions about Linda Daschle's airline lobbying than they were going to ignore Billy Carter when he signed on as a lobbyist for Libya. David Schaffer, counsel to the House aviation subcommittee and a long-time acquaintance of Linda Daschle's, suggests that she may suffer from a common blind spot among Washington denizens. "People on the Hill don't really see lobbyists as evil," he explains. "But the public doesn't see it that way."

## Not In Kansas Anymore

Yes, it's true: Before Mrs. Daschle was Mrs. Daschle, she was Miss Kansas, 1976. "It was a tremendous opportunity for me at a very young age," she says, cupping a mug of coffee in her distinctly unmanicured hands. "In a small way, it helped prepare me for being married to a very public figure."

Petite and blond, with perfect, straight white teeth, Daschle is still strikingly beautiful at 46. But she has a vise-like handshake you wouldn't expect from a beauty queen that suggests the steely interior necessary to survive in Washington power circles. Her office is filled with mementos reflecting her dual status as congressional wife and long-time aviation industry member: On the floor are models of airplanes, while in one corner stands a Lakota Sioux ghost dancer costume from South Dakota. Photos show her hunting pheasants with George McGovern and dressed in full flight gear with a team of Marine pilots. And in case her clients forget who she's married to, behind her desk is a giant framed print of the U.S. Senate insigne.



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Born in Oklahoma and raised in Kansas, Daschle got into aviation early, working as a weather watcher at an FAA flight service station while in college. She spent two years at a community college, then went to Kansas State University, where she studied mass communication but never graduated. ("I loved my senior year," she says by way of explanation.) After college, she wanted to be an air traffic controller, but ended up going to work for a small regional airline—until she had eight paychecks bounce, her first introduction to the fragile economics of the aviation industry.

After a stint as marketing director for another regional airline, in 1980 Daschle went to work for the Civil Aeronautics Board, the government entity charged with regulating the airline industry. There, she served as the director of the office of congressional, community and consumer affairs. She met Tom Daschle on a work trip to South Dakota. At the time, Tom Daschle was a freshman congressman, married to the woman who in 1978 had helped him ring 40,000 doorbells and go on to unseat an incumbent by 14 votes. By 1984, Tom had divorced his first wife, with whom he had three children, and married Linda, who was prohibited by law from ringing any doorbells.

Soon after they were married, Linda went to work for the Air Transport Association, the airline industry's main trade group. The first thing she did after marrying Tom was to consult the House ethics committee about how to manage potential conflicts. Lawyers advised her to fully disclose her activities and not to lobby her spouse, his office or committees. So that's what she's done. She takes all media calls, responding to every last question about her possible conflicts. And she's never considered a career change. "I never ever thought I'd have to give up anything to be married to Tom Daschle. I was here, I already had this career and I had no plans of backing out of it," she explains. "That's not to say that I didn't need to think about the appearance and work to avoid conflicts of interest."

Friends and colleagues say Daschle is very sensitive to the media scrutiny—and has no sense of humor about it—going so far as to get up and leave meetings where the business discussed might involve the Senate. "I have tried in every possible way to make it very clear that I do not lobby my husband and I do not lobby the Senate. I don't want people to knock on my door here wanting my help thinking they're getting Tom Daschle as part of the deal," she says. "My clients are people I've known for years and we have cultivated our own relationships that are very independent of Tom Daschle."

## Behavioral Issues

Until the 1970s, when feminists began to crack open the old boys' clubs, most congressional wives had a pretty pat role: travel with the campaign, make the husband look like a nice guy, and take care of the kids. As Ellen Proxmire, wife of Sen. William Proxmire, explained in this magazine 20 years ago, playing wife to a politician can be brutal. In the early years of her husband's campaign, she used to "sit home Saturday nights and cry." In 1958, her husband left for a convention shortly after their day-old son died. Two days later, Ellen, too, went back on the campaign trail.

Carolyn Condit's recent travails illustrate the other pitfalls of the traditional political marriage. Its enormous power imbalance has undoubtedly contributed to many of the "behavioral issues" displayed by many congressmen over the years. Think of the first Mrs. Dole, who nursed her war-wounded husband, even attending college classes to take notes for him when he could not write, only to get dumped after 23 years of marriage in an "emergency divorce." Or the first Mrs. Gingrich, whose husband served her divorce papers at the hospital while she was being treated for cancer.

Today, there are a lot more Linda Daschles than Carolyn Condits in the congressional wives' club, and women are certainly better for it. (Can anyone imagine the current Mrs. Dole getting dumped in an emergency divorce?!) But as congressional wives have moved out of traditional roles, inevitably their careers have gotten entangled with Washington's influence-peddling business. In the early days of the feminist movement, working congressional wives usually stuck to teaching or real estate. But it wasn't long before some savvy ones saw the possibilities in their connections—as did many of their husband's political suitors. Ellen Proxmire, for one, got sick of crying and, with a dozen or so other congressional wives, created Washington Whirl-Around, a tour and convention service. Whirl-Around did booming business, signing up clients—lobbyists mostly—who had business on the Hill, and holding receptions in Senate hearing rooms, courtesy of Sen. William Proxmire, who signed off on the room rentals.

Congressional wives didn't have to look too hard for business opportunities, though. Washington's special interests usually came to them. Back in 1979, Marion Javits caused a ruckus when she began doing PR work for Iran Air at the same time that her husband, New York Republican Jacob Javits, was on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The PR contract turned out to be a cover; Javits was actually doing work for the Shah himself. More recently, shortly after her husband


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became speaker of the House, (and before she, too, got dumped for a power wife) the second Mrs. Gingrich was hired as vice president for business development by an Israeli firm which had lobbied her husband to support an Israeli free-trade zone. Marianne Gingrich's previous job had been selling cosmetics from her home.

You don't hear much about these spousal contretemps anymore, but not because they've disappeared. Rather, such symbiotic relationships have simply become institutionalized. No longer peddling cosmetics, many congressional wives are now full-fledged members of D.C.'s access business—and often were so long before becoming congressional wives. There's Enron board member Wendy Gramm, whose husband, Texas Sen. Phil Gramm, pushed through legislation in 2000 that exempted Enron from rules that govern other commodity traders. Airline lobbyist and former Reagan administration official Rebecca Cox is the wife of California Republican Rep. Christopher Cox. Jean Kurth Oberstar, wife of Minnesota Rep. James Oberstar, the ranking Democrat on the House Transportation and Infrastructure committee, owns an airport-consulting firm which contracts with airports for which her husband helped secure federal grants.

**You don't hear much about spousal contretemps anymore, but not because they've disappeared. Rather, such symbiotic relationships have simply become institutionalized.**

Unlike the days when former House Speaker Jim Wright's wife got a do-nothing job from a Texas investor seeking favors from her husband, it's much harder today to prove that congressional wives' business portfolios are solely the product of their husbands' connections. As the Daschle marriage illustrates, that doesn't mean that the potential conflicts are any less serious.

### Under the Radar

In 1993, Linda Daschle took a break from her lobbying career (she was by then senior vice president of the American Association of Airport Executives), when Bill Clinton appointed her to be deputy administrator of the FAA. The job required Senate confirmation, and Daschle's husband joined his colleagues in voting for her unanimously. The appointment naturally stirred rumors at the FAA that she had been chosen because of who her husband was. That year, Clinton had also nominated three other congressional wives for top government jobs, in a move widely viewed as a shrewdly ingratiating gesture from a president who'd never served in Washington. But Daschle says that not only did she take a pay cut to take the FAA job, she did not seek the position. The Clinton administration asked several times before she finally agreed to take the post. "If Tom Daschle could have helped me get a job, how come I'm not ambassador to France?" she says.

In Daschle's defense, one industry source, who wishes to remain anonymous, says that Linda was far more qualified for the job than many of her predecessors, noting that during the first Bush administration, the deputy FAA administrator had been the Bush family's private campaign pilot. By contrast, Daschle actually had some experience in government. Former Transportation Secretary Rodney Slater (now also a lobbyist) says that during her four-year tenure at FAA, Daschle was a "true professional" who "clearly brought a unique insight to the job, especially when at the end of the day, you have to get the resources from Congress. Having those relationships and contacts is helpful."

Those contacts, though, also landed Daschle in the middle of an inspector general's investigation over charges that her husband had inappropriately intervened to reduce safety inspections of an air-charter company owned by a family friend. In 1994, a plane chartered by the Indian Health Service crashed in a snowstorm in Minot, North Dakota, killing the pilot and three doctors on their way to a reservation clinic. The charter company was owned by Murl Bellew, a friend of the Daschles who had taught the senator how to fly.

For several years, Forest Service inspectors had been raising serious questions about the safety of Bellew's operation—issues that the FAA had overlooked—and had argued that the company should be disqualified from seeking government contracts. Bellew wanted to get rid of the Forest Service inspections, and Sen. Daschle obliged by pushing legislation to eliminate the Forest Service's inspection role altogether, leaving his wife's agency as the sole overseer. He argued at the time that the legislation would streamline the



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bureaucracy by eliminating duplicative services.

In part of the ensuing investigation by the DOT inspector general, senior FAA officials claimed that Linda Daschle had also worked to quash a proposed program to train Forest Service inspectors to conduct FAA inspections. Then, an FAA inspector said agency officials had destroyed documents to cover up the Daschles' role in minimizing inspections of Bellew's planes. Linda Daschle insisted that she had recused herself from any decisions on that issue, and the IG later absolved her of any wrongdoing.

Daschle's position on safety issues came up again when the FAA was considering mandating full criminal-background checks of all airport employees, which she opposed. DOT inspector general Mary Schiavo was at a meeting with then-Transportation Secretary Federico Pena and Daschle at which Daschle vehemently objected. "I thought her position on the background checks was insane," says Schiavo. But Daschle's position shouldn't have come as much of a surprise, given that it's exactly the same one taken by her former employer, the Air Transport Association.

After serving briefly as the FAA's acting director, Daschle returned to lobbying in 1997, though federal law barred her from lobbying DOT for five years. Instead of going back to a trade association, Daschle joined a powerful law firm headed by former Sen. Howard Baker, Baker, Donelson, Bearman & Caldwell, where she is now a chair of the firm's public policy practice group. Daschle has stayed largely under the radar, mostly lobbying the House and sticking to aviation clients. All that changed after September 11, when her role in lobbying for the airline bailout bill became public.

Not only have reporters revealed Daschle's role in the airline bailout negotiations, but they have brought to light a provision in the 2000 transportation budget that required the FAA to buy baggage-scanners from one of Daschle's clients, L-3 International. The DOT's inspector general has found the L-3 equipment to be substandard, yet the FAA now has no choice but to purchase one of L-3's scanners for every one it buys

# Who's Who

*By Susan Threadgill*

Democrats are tired of watching right-wing think tanks like the Cato Institute and the Heritage Foundation supply the Republican Party with ideas and talent. So a group of **Clinton** administration exiles—featuring **Sandy Berger** and **Madeleine Albright**—has been meeting in secret throughout the last year to level the playing field. The venture (which specializes in foreign affairs ) was about to launch this fall with a name, web site, and, presumably, some appetizers. Then terrorism made the world unsafe for partisanship. Ringleader **Marc Ginsberg**, ambassador to Morocco under Clinton, won't say when the christening will occur. "Look, we want to be supportive and not partisan," he says. For now, the group is making due with a "private" web site and a name that Ginsberg refuses to divulge. Word is that the group had settled on "Americans for Forward Engagement" an automotive-sounding moniker ill-suited to an entity seeking to distance itself from dreary think tanks. "That's no longer the name," Ginsberg protests. Will the new one be snappier? "Yes."

Republicans never learn: During the 1996 budget showdown between the **Bill Clinton**'s White House and **Newt Gingrich**'s Congress, Republicans got hammered by vacationing constituents locked out of the beloved Yellowstone Park and the Smithsonian's Air and Space Museum during the ensuing government shutdown. That lesson hasn't rubbed off on OMB Director **Mitch Daniels, Jr.**, who has shown remarkable indifference to the needs of Washington politicos. In his quest to clamp down on government spending to pay for tax cuts, Daniels has taken aim at the same sacred cows that forced the Republicans to cave in 1996: the Department of the Interior and the Smithsonian Institution. Over the summer, Daniels quipped that the Interior Department was "the world's largest lawn-care service" and served notice that he wants to privatize U.S. Park Service jobs. More recently, Daniels proposed slashing the Smithsonian's budget, halting renovation of the shuttered American Art Museum and Portrait Gallery, transferring $35 million from Smithsonian research projects to the National Science Foundation, and using $20 million of the Smithsonian's general funds to upgrade security. Already Congress is squawking. Rep. **Robert Matsui** (D-Calif.), a Smithson-


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from an L-3 competitor. The L-3 machines have been so bad that the one at the Dallas-Ft. Worth airport leaked radiation, and most others purchased by the FAA have not been installed. The inspector general told Congress that the FAA's requirement to buy L-3's machines is one reason that DOT will not be able to meet the new mandate to screen all luggage for bombs for many years.

Daschle reiterates that she never lobbied her husband on any of these issues, nor has her firm. But when it comes to lobbying Congress, does it really matter whether a congressional spouse lobbies her husband? The House Democrats on whom Daschle focuses her attention aren't likely to ignore calls from the majority leader's wife. And given the soft currency of Washington's access business, it's awfully hard to separate influence in such concrete ways, especially when many of Daschle's clients are lobbying both her husband and the Senate as well. The best example of this conflict came in 1999, when Daschle departed from her traditional aviation portfolio and took up the cause of drug company Schering-Plough, which was waging a fierce battle with the FDA to extend the patent on the allergy drug Claritin beyond its 2002 expiration. Daschle was one of many lobbyists the company hired to press its case, but the contract raised questions about Schering-Plough's motives for hiring her, given that Daschle has no expertise in pharmaceutical issues or at the FDA.

Daschle took something of a beating in the press and from public interest groups for taking up Schering-Plough's case, which if successful, would add billions of dollars to national prescription drug expenditures. "I was stunned at the criticism and how personal it became," she confesses. Daschle says she took the client at the request of Howard Baker, but she eventually became "a believer" in Schering-Plough's cause. And again, she insists she never lobbied the Senate.

Daschle may not have been lobbying the Senate, but Schering-Plough was, contributing $100,000 in soft money to the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee over the past three years. The drug com-

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ian board member, called the cuts "devastating," and others are sure to follow. After all, the Smithsonian gets 20 million visitors a year—visitors whose D.C. vacations usually involve a visit to their congressmen.

Daniels is in further hot water with members of Congress after telling *The Wall Street Journal* that "Their motto is, 'Don't just stand there, spend something.' This is the only way they feel relevant." Daniels's relations with Congress are so frayed that the *Los Angeles Times* reports Rep. **C.W."Bill"Young** (R-Fla.), the chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, won't even return Daniels's calls. Asked what the OMB director could do to patch things up with Congress, Sen. **Ted Stevens** (R-Alaska) snapped, "Go back to Indiana."

The White House hasn't said whether this was part of its campaign to improve relations with Mexico, but *People* magazine recently named **Vicente Fox** "sexiest world leader." But, then, **Dick Cheney** wasn't holding his breath.

In December, **Pat Robertson** resigned as president of the Christian Coalition, citing a "renewed call to ministry." But *Washington City Paper* columnist **Dave McKenna** suggests another reason for the departure: horse racing. A longtime racing aficionado, Robertson recently paid $520,000 for a Kentucky-bred colt he has named "Mr. Pat," and is currently training for his racing debut. Robertson's other horse, Tappat, has won more than $235,000 and a couple of stakes in his career. While Robertson has scored big at the tracks, his daily double of horses and heaven has run afoul of the Christian Coalition's campaign against gambling. McKenna reports that the Christian Right had supported Rep. **Bob Goodlatte**'s (R-Va.) proposed ban on Internet gambling until discovering that his bill included a special exemption for horse racing. Robertson continued to support the pro-racing anti-gambling bill, angering his fellow believers, who may not have minded when God asked Robertson to resign as Christian Coalition president.

If you're wondering why *The Washington Post* has been ignoring your letters to the editor, it's because reporters have stopped checking their mail. Since anthrax killed five people and ended up in New York and Florida newsrooms, the *Post* created a special hazmat mailroom, where employees now must don a mask and latex gloves before entering. All mail must be opened in the room and only essentials removed. The "stuffy and silent" mailroom has become such an unpopular place that one reporter confesses to having picked up her mail only twice since September 11.



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pany has also been kind to Sen. Daschle's pet charity, the National Organization on Fetal Alcohol Syndrome (NOFAS). In 1997, Richard Kinney, Schering-Plough's in-house lobbyist who was working on the patent issue, joined the board and the company has sponsored NOFAS's annual fundraiser, which both Daschles host every year. Sen. Daschle says he opposes the patent extension on its merits.

But Schering-Plough isn't the only one of Linda Daschle's clients to simultaneously seek good will from her husband: The air transport industry gave more than $100,000 in campaign contributions to the senator's campaign in the last election cycle. Northwest Airlines, which paid Linda Daschle's firm $190,000 in 1999, was the second-largest donor to Tom Daschle's Senate campaign in 1998. Charles Barclay, the head of the American Association of Airport Executives, Linda's former employer and now a client, has personally given $10,000 to the senator's political action committee, DASHPAC. Daschle says Northwest Airlines is one of her husband's constituents as the only major airline with comprehensive service to South Dakota. As for the others, she says, "All my clients have the right to lobby Tom Daschle and the Senate. What does not have to happen is for Linda Daschle to be involved in that effort."

Gary Ruskin, director of the Congressional Accountability Project, says he isn't concerned with who Linda's clients are, but what Tom Daschle may have done for those clients. At least for Linda Daschle's airline clients, the answer to that question is fairly clear: The airline bailout bill, shepherded through the Senate by Tom Daschle, sent nearly a billion dollars to American Airlines and Northwest Airlines. Northwest, which has received $404 million in cash grants from the government, actually posted $19 million profit in the third quarter.

### Blinded by Ethics

So here's a case where a senator's wife gets a high-ranking government job, which in turn boosts her earning power as a lobbyist. She then represents clients who have business with and give money to her husband. Those clients pay her big bucks to help fight safety regulations and to win government money—money which helps pay the senator's mortgage. Yet so far, the press and congressional ethics hawks have largely given the Daschles a pass. So why isn't this a bigger story?

Mostly because no one in Congress has the slightest interest in raising it. Democrats certainly don't want to attack one of their own, and as they point out in defending the Daschles, Republicans are married to lobbyists, too. In addition, both Republicans and Democrats are beneficiaries of Linda Daschle's clients. "This town is so bizarre that Linda Daschle may even deliver campaign contributions to Trent Lott," says the Heritage Foundation's Ron Utt. Indeed, she freely admits to giving campaign contributions to Republicans.

So who's left to scrutinize the relationship? The answer is the press. But Daschle has them covered too. Unlike Hillary a decade ago, Linda Daschle is a Beltway insider who understands the rules of the game. The main rule is that the effects of your actions, no matter how dubious—say, weakening airline safety—are never grounds for a scandal so long as you first, disclose your actions, and then, don't violate the ethics rules in the process. If Tom or Linda Daschle had secretly taken a free pair of Superbowl tickets from Northwest Airlines and then pushed the airline bailout plan, that would be a big story. But the fact that Tom Daschle takes thousands of dollars in campaign contributions from Northwest and his wife's firm collects $200,000 a year to lobby for them is no problem at all.

Congress has no rules prohibiting members' spouses from lobbying. Notoriously porous, congressional ethics rules were written on the not so unreasonable theory that it's impossible to forbid each and every potential conflict of interest, and that in the end, the voters are the ultimate arbiters of congressional behavior.

Linda Daschle's reputation for scrupulously adhering to the ethics rules shows just how well she understands the rules. But when it comes to a presidential election, a different set of rules comes into play: Win at all costs. And at this game, the Republicans have proved themselves uncommonly adept and not just within the chamber of the Supreme Court. If Tom Daschle poses a legitimate threat to Bush, his wife's lobbying will attract more attention from partisan Republicans and investigative reporters.

These attacks on his wife may not hurt Tom Daschle in Washington, where politicos find very little unseemly. But the American voter is a different animal. Voters may not buy Linda Daschle's defense of keeping her career at all costs. Nor are they likely to swallow the claim that her work has absolutely no bearing on her husband's. If Linda Daschle lobbied one arm of Congress to weaken airline safety and give away billions of taxpayer dollars to corporate clients, the voters are likely to assume that her husband was in there, too. And they'll probably be right. After all, American voters may not understand the inner workings of Washington politics, but they do understand the inner workings of marriage. ●


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# Lines of Fire

*The only thing standing between you and a deadly oil pipeline accident is Washington's most hapless regulatory agency.*

## By Charles Pekow

Amanda Smith was enjoying a weekend of fishing and camping with her extended family along the banks of the Pecos River in New Mexico on Aug. 19, 2000. Early that morning, a few family members had set out to catch some fish, taking their lanterns with them to the river.

But instead of waking to the smell of fish frying, Amanda awoke to her children's screams. A corroded 50-year-old gas pipeline, which crossed the river next to the campground, had ruptured and sent a flaming fireball across the campground. Burning fuel rained down upon the campers. The fire was so hot it melted sand into glass and turned part of the concrete bridge into powder. Tents and sleeping bags turned to soup. The flames leapt 500 feet in the air, were visible from 30 miles away, and left a crater 86 feet long, 46 feet wide, and 20 feet deep.

Amanda Smith survived the fire only long enough to describe the horror of the scene to rescue workers. The explosion wiped out most of the Smith family, killing Amanda, her parents, her husband, her two kids, her brother and sister-in-law, their 22-month-old daughter and twin 6-month-old babies.

The New Mexico accident was just the latest in a string of horrific pipeline accidents over the past few years that have left hundreds of people dead or injured. Corroded pipes, operator errors, and outside damage are taking their toll on the nation's aging pipeline infrastructure. The sprawling network of more than 2 million miles of pipe and 150,000 miles of underground tubes carries 20 trillion cubic feet of natural gas and about 14.4 billion barrels of hazardous liquids such as propane and petroleum each year, a figure likely to grow. The number of accidents is also on the rise.

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The U.S. Office of Pipeline Safety (OPS) has counted 6,377 accidents between 1986 and August 2001. These incidents caused 376 deaths, 1,699 injuries, $1,140,697,582 in property damage, and a gross loss of 2,777,205 barrels of various oil fuels. (OPS can't quantify the loss of natural gas.)

Because of these accidents and the growing potential for new ones, safety experts and state officials have been pleading with OPS for years to mandate the kind of pipeline inspections that would have prevented the explosion in New Mexico. But OPS, a little-known agency within the U.S. Department of Transportation (DOT), has routinely rebuffed suggestions that would increase enforcement of existing safety rules and dragged its feet on implementing new ones. More troubling, OPS has shown an unhealthy relationship with the industry that it regulates, which, incidentally, provides all of its budget and has a huge financial incentive to avoid regulation.

As a result, the existing regulatory structure leaks like a sieve, with virtually no government interference and few sanctions for those who violate the rules, even when they cause significant environmental damage. OPS had cited the owner of the pipeline that killed Amanda Smith and her family, the El Paso Energy Pipeline Group, for safety problems with its pipeline in Arizona in 1997, and again in 1999. But it took the deaths of 12 people before OPS really jumped into action. The agency is now seeking a $2.52 million civil fine against the El Paso Energy Pipeline Group for safety violations.

Pipeline operators do most of their own inspections and develop their own safety standards, and they're not required to inspect regularly. And federal pipeline rules are so lax that, for instance, pipeline operators aren't even required to close their pipeline spigots when they find leaks. And they have an incentive not to, given that their income depends on keeping those spigots open and flowing. Many of the nation's pipelines aren't regulated at all by the feds—such as gathering lines that take crude oil



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to refineries, which Congress exempted from OPS oversight. Most of those lines didn't traverse heavily populated zones, so why bother protecting nature if nobody lives there?

"There are around 60,000 miles of unregulated pipelines and they leak like crazy," says Bob Rackleff, a commissioner of Leon County, Fla., who has spearheaded the National Pipeline Reform Coalition to push tougher regulation.

It generally takes a major explosion for the government to get involved. "There is almost no enforcement," says Lois Epstein, an engineer who followed pipeline safety for Environmental Defense in Washington, D.C., for 13 years. "Companies decide the appropriateness of their own lines with no federal standards."

### Boiled in Oil

Even a horrific accident, though, doesn't seem to be enough to spur OPS—or Congress—to make meaningful change to protect the public from dangerous pipelines, which are increasingly turning up under heavily populated areas. Just a year before the New Mexico explosion, in June 1999, in Bellingham, Wash., Wade King and his buddy Stephen Tsiorvas, both 10, hiked down to a local creek where they found a lighter. As 10-year-old boys will do, they started to play with it.

Unbeknownst to the boys, a 33-year-old pipeline carrying jet fuel, gasoline, and other petroleum products lay directly underneath the boys' neighborhood. It had already ruptured, releasing an estimated 236,000 gallons of gasoline into the tributaries of Puget Sound, Bellingham Bay, and the boys' fishing creek.

A spark from the lighter turned the entire creek bed into a tunnel of fire, boiling the fish in its water. The boys jumped into the creek to escape, but the creek itself was on fire. By the time King's father ran down to rescue them, the boys had lost all of their clothes and most of their skin to the fire. Both died shortly after being airlifted to a burn center. Eighteen-year-old Liam Wood was also overcome with gas vapors while fishing. He fell into the creek and drowned.

Run by the Olympic Pipeline Company, Inc., the very same pipeline had leaked at least 47 other times since 1965. So far, the spill has been attributed to "mechanical failure" in the ruptured line, but the cause is still under investigation and points to other wrongdoing by the pipeline operator. Employees for the firm took the Fifth to avoid answering questions about just what went wrong.

The Bellingham accident did result in some action by the government. After two years of investigation, on September 13, 2001, the federal government indicted the Olympic Pipeline Company and three officials on charges of violating the Hazardous Liquid Pipeline Safety Act and the Federal Water Pollution Control Act. The case marks the first time the act resulted in criminal indictments. But tellingly, the impetus for the prosecution came not from OPS but from the Justice Department.

The accident and the ensuing investigation received

## Terror's Next Target?

It doesn't take a well-funded terrorist organization to turn an oil pipeline into a disaster. All it takes is a drunk with a borrowed 338-caliber rifle. Early in October, a few bullets in the Trans-Alaska Pipeline 75 miles north of Fairbanks sent about 285,000 gallons of oil gushing into the pristine Alaska wilderness. Ironically, the section of the mostly buried pipeline ran above ground for environmental reasons—to protect the delicate permafrost soil below. Alyeska Pipeline Service Co. needed 36 hours to stop the spill. It could take years to clean it up. A grand jury indicted Daniel Carson "Danny" Lewis, a 37-year-old local with a record of crime and drinking, with three felonies in the case; he faces further prosecution.

If someone like Lewis can cause a disaster in the wilderness, think of how much harm an organized terrorist campaign could do with the nation's pipeline system. Damage could work either way—assailants could theoretically discombobulate the automated control system running supply lines to cause physical damage by letting product run loose—or they could cause physical damage to the pipelines so operators lose control of the control system.

Such an attack could cause panic, loss of lives, disruption of the energy supply system, and perhaps incalculable economic and environmental damage if previous accidents are any indication. In November, Attorney General John Ashcroft announced that the FBI has received reports of threats to the pipelines. The industry is now taking the possibility very seriously.

Even before September 11, terrorism experts had warned that the nation's pipeline infrastructure could be vulnerable to attacks. In 1997, the President's Commission on Critical Infrastructure Protection (PCCIP) was convened to examine emerging terrorist threats to American energy systems. Pipeline safety "was one of our more serious concerns," recalls John Powers, who served the commission's executive director. "The greatest concern is the overwater crossings. Builders found it so trivial to take out. If you and I were out hiking, we simply carry a back-



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widespread media attention, and brought calls from Congress for more regulation of the pipeline industry. The investigation also prompted unprecedented criticism of OPS. During the investigation of the pipeline explosion, National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) Chairman James Hall said, "We believe [OPS'] lack of action continues to place the American people at risk."

Indeed, for years Congress and the NTSB had been asking OPS to require pipeline operators to radically improve inspections of equipment and training of employees who monitor the pipelines. But OPS has dragged its feet. OPS' record in adopting safety recommendations makes the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) look like the gold standard—even after September 11.

**OPS' record in adopting safety recommendations makes the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) look like the gold standard—even after September 11.**

In fact, OPS has the slowest and lowest record of any federal agency at complying with NTSB recommendations over the last 30 years. The agency complies with fewer than 70 percent of the NTSB safety recommendations, including many of those that would have prevented the accidents at Bellingham and New Mexico, according to Hall. (By comparison, the FAA complies with about 82 percent.)

For instance, NTSB wanted the pipeline office to require operators to perform their own inspections or tests in 1987. In 1992, Congress mandated that OPS require such inspections by 1995. But OPS only started requiring them for large liquid pipeline operators (those with 500 miles or more) last February—almost six years after the legislative deadline. (By law, government agencies must respond to but not necessarily implement NTSB suggestions.)

OPS hasn't even been able to keep up with the rules it's required by law to implement and enforce. As of May 2000, OPS had not implemented 22 statutory requirements and 39 of NTSB's safety recommendations—some going back to the 1980s, according to the General Accounting Office (GAO). A year later, GAO looked again and found OPS still hadn't met 16 of the legal requirements. Meanwhile, OPS had only complied with one of NTSB's outstanding recommendations and hasn't met six new ones issued since May 2000. OPS says it plans to comply with more NTSB regulations within another year, while it says others are so old they have

pack with a little explosive, sit down, have a Coke, not pick up the backpack and keep on going."

In 1997, the nation didn't have a system to quickly respond to an attack on the pipeline infrastructure, and the potential for serious disruption was real. "The general estimate was two to three weeks to restore everything. If you took out a number of these in a cold January or February, you could really create some havoc out in the Northeastern states," Powers says.

September 11 has forced the government and the industry to reconsider pipeline security measures. On the day of the attacks on the World Trade Center and Pentagon, the U.S. Office of Pipeline Safety (OPS), which has primary responsibility for overseeing the pipeline infrastructure, issued a circular to pipeline operators asking them to take emergency security measures and develop long-term security plans. The same week, OPS removed the detailed maps on its National Pipeline Mapping System it had laboriously collected and placed on its web site. Industry reps say they're beefing up inspections and guards all along the pipeline system.

But those measures are far from reassuring, given how little the government has been able to do to protect Americans from ordinary pipeline hazards. After all, how can the government secure the pipeline infrastructure when it doesn't even know where all the pipelines are? More than a million miles of pipeline are not mapped because they aren't regulated by OPS.

But counterterrorism expert Larry Johnson, CEO of Berg Associates, says that concerns about pipeline attacks may be overblown. The Revolutionary Armed Forces of Columbia (FARC) guerrillas have attacked the Cano Limon pipeline in Colombia more than 200 times, Johnson says, and they have never managed to shut it down. And FARC's 15,000 armed troops control territory the size of Switzerland, through which part of the pipeline runs. Johnson says the pipeline companies have plans in place to put out the fires should there be an explosion, and that the U.S. is so large that it would be difficult to seriously disrupt the flow of oil or gas here. "The collapse of Enron is far more damaging to the economy than an attack on a pipeline would be," he says.



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become obsolete.

Stacey Gerard, OPS Associate Administrator, says that rather than respond to each of the proposals on a piecemeal basis, OPS is developing a long-term plan to deal with NTSB's concerns, a strategy she feels will ultimately be more effective.

But until some of those new rules come into effect, pipeline operators don't even have to inspect their lines regularly, let alone have the government do it or prescribe standards. And the new rules aren't exactly crushing. Once they take effect, pipeline operators will have a whopping seven years before they have to perform a baseline inspection (three and a half years for "high-risk" lines), and then they wouldn't be required to inspect more than once every five years unless the baseline inspection found a problem. And those rules only apply to large liquid operators. Inspection rules for small pipelines and gas operators are still being finalized.

The impact of this slow pace of oversight is clear: Despite all the publicity after the Bellingham accident and the calls for improved safety and better inspections, pipeline accidents have only gotten worse. According to OPS's annual figures (which are subject to change as more data come in), pipelines in 2000 suffered their worst year in terms of causing economic damage—$156,925,184 worth to be exact—nearly double the $86,856,82 OPS totaled for 1999. (Two major spills caused the blip.)

And those figures understate the problem. Companies aren't required to file reports on pipelines not subject to federal regulation. Given that the companies stand to incur fines for safety and environmental violations stemming from spills, they don't report them all. When NTSB investigates or someone sues, evidence often shows the oil companies underreport the problem, usually by understating the property damage. (The companies usually count mainly the damage to their own property.)

OPS also can't know of all the leaks and damage because operators don't have to report spills of less than 21,000 gallons (50 barrels). Bob Rackleff recalls that a now-defunct 85-mile pipeline running through the Florida Everglades between the 1960s and 1990s spilled 54 documented times, as reported to state agencies. But OPS files listed only a single leak.

## Going With The Flow

Jim Pates has experienced OPS' indifference to pipeline safety and environmental concerns firsthand. Pates is the city attorney in Fredricksburg, Va., which he says has "the dubious distinction of having twice lost our entire water supply because of pipeline accidents." In 1980 and 1989, the Colonial Pipeline ruptured 30 or 40 miles up the Rappahannock River. Each time, hairline fractures grew over time until the pipe burst.

"After the second time, we decided to take a serious look at things and see what we could do," Pates recalls. "We saw OPS was not terribly concerned. They admitted to us after the 1989 break that environmental protection was not their thing."

Though Fredricksburg lost water for about a week each time, the pipeline still runs. OPS ordered Colonial to reduce pressure in the line, but still won't make the company fix it and Pates fears another crack could cause another water outage. "From all my years of being involved in government, I don't think I've ever seen an agency any more beholden to the industry it is supposed to be regulating," he says.

Part of the problem is that Congress simply has never given OPS the resources to do its job properly. OPS employs only 97 people, including 55 inspectors—about one per state and territory, or one nose per 36,000 miles of mostly hard-to-notice underground tubing—and even fewer experts to pursue enforcement when it finds problems. When asked by NTSB whether the agency had the capacity to enforce the rules it's writing, Clinton administration Research and Special Programs Administration Chief Kelley Coyner, who oversees OPS at DOT, replied "We do not. With 55 inspectors on hand, we are not currently in the position of reviewing these plans on a two-year basis to ensure compliance."

With so few resources, OPS has relied on the industry to perform its own inspections and develop its own safety plans. Rather than fining operators who run afoul of safety and environmental rules, OPS is now shifting its emphasis toward helping them find and fix problems. There's plenty of evidence that this all-carrot-no-stick strategy will do little to protect the public.

Back in 1990, OPS assessed fines in almost half its enforcement actions. By 1998, that figure had plummeted to about 4 percent. Not surprisingly, over that same period, the number of deadly accidents has continued to rise. GAO reported last year that the number of "major pipeline accidents" (defined as those causing a casualty or at least $50,000 in property damage) rose an average of 4 percent a year between 1989 and 1998. OPS, however, attributes the increase to more lines, more flow, and more population near the lines.

The need for better pipeline oversight is growing—the pipeline infrastructure, to say the least, has reached senior-citizen status. About a quarter of it was laid 50 years ago or more. Sometimes the only way to measure flow is to count what goes in and what comes out, which doesn't account for volume or temperature changes or what might remain in the line. As a result, leaks on some


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of the older and smaller lines can continue indefinitely before anyone notices. Even detection systems of the 1980s are obsolete.

OPS official Byron Coy testified to NTSB that "fundamental systems that were installed in the '60s typically had useful lives of nearly 20 years, but the pace of technological advancement has caused some systems that were installed even in the '90s to be considered mature. Computer systems employed in many large pipeline control centers are very sophisticated, yet there are many small pipelines across the country that are virtually operated by hand."

Without the big stick of the federal government, pipeline owners have little incentive to upgrade their safety inspection systems. To fill the vacuum left by OPS, GAO recommended last year that OPS get states more involved in regulating pipelines to better leverage federal resources, but so far, OPS hasn't done much on that front. OPS already relies on 380 state inspectors who do most of the work that the companies don't do themselves, and states can use federal matching funds to regulate pipelines, but OPS has recently denied many states' requests to do so, and it hasn't been able to provide authorized matching funds.

## The Piper Paying

That places the pipeline problem squarely in the hands of Congress, which has dabbled with it since the tragedies in New Mexico and Bellingham. But so far, Congress hasn't been able to pass even inadequate legislation. In 2000, the Senate passed pipeline safety legislation but since the House didn't move on it before Congress adjourned, the legislation died. Early in February of 2001, the Senate unanimously passed a similar measure but the House still hasn't scheduled hearings.

House Republicans possess plenty of incentives for not wanting to put clamps on the pipeline industry. In the 2000 election cycle, the oil and gas industry gave $33,489,164 in campaign contributions, 78 percent to Republicans and making the industry the 9th-largest contributor by trade out of more than 80.

And who got more money than any other House candidate? Don Young (R-Alaska), chairman of the Transportation and Infrastructure Committee, who comes from a state with the largest number of pipelines. He got $133,600 for his last campaign from an industry that doesn't want the regulatory oversight the Democrats on his committee favored. Rep. Tom Petri (R-Wisc.) of the Highways and Transit panel, House Energy and Commerce Committee Chairman W.J. "Billy" Tauzin (R-La.) and House Subcommittee on Energy and Power Chairman Joe Barton (R-Texas) all have received hundreds of thousands of dollars in campaign contributions from the oil and gas industries.

The money has paid off. Just one example of the industry's clout: The Oil Pollution Act of 1990, passed in the wake of the Exxon Valdez oil spill to force oil tanker operators to pay for cleaning up the messes they make, exempts pipelines. Now, if an oil tanker explodes, the company has to clean up the spill. But a pipeline owner doesn't have to.

There is legislation afoot that would tighten federal oversight of the pipeline industry. In the transportation appropriations bill awaiting Bush's signature, OPS got funding for 26 more professionals it wanted, including inspectors and legal staff.

In addition, a Senate-passed bill, brainchild of Sen. John McCain (R-Ariz.), would require pipeline operators to develop safety plans, evaluate risks in heavily populated and environmentally sensitive areas, and educate the public about safety matters. The Senate Democrats' national energy strategy bill would also give DOT $3 million and five years to develop a research program to improve pipeline safety.

In the House, Rep. Jim Oberstar (D-Minn.) introduced a tougher measure that would allow states to regulate pipelines if DOT approves their plans, and give them about $20 million a year to enforce them. Meanwhile, Rep. Jennifer Dunn (R-Wash.) introduced a measure that would call for government—not industry—inspection and allow for a state role.

If these measures were backed with significant funding, they could go a long way to improving pipeline safety, but they still leave critical areas unaddressed, particularly the structural issues that make OPS so ineffective, such as the fact that the agency resides in a department mostly concerned with moving people rather than with enhancing safety and protecting the environment.

Though the federal government regulates pipelines because of environmental hazards, DOT remains in charge of oversight—not the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) or even the Department of Energy (DOE), where expertise in preventing pollution and harvesting safe energy lie. That's because Congress established OPS before it created EPA or DOE and put it in DOT because product is transported across state lines.

The current legislative proposals also don't reconcile the conflict of who should pay for regulation. Right now, the oil and gas industries pay for their own enforcement. Though Congress must approve disbursements every year, OPS' budget comes mainly from two funds: the Pipeline Safety Fund, paid by interstate pipeline



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operators' user fees, and the Oil Spill Liability Trust Fund, which comes from spill damage recovery payments—another incentive for the industry to keep mum about spills.

Until these underlying issues are resolved, it's likely that the pipeline industry will continue to police itself, and innocent people like Amanda Smith will continue to die. It took the deaths of 3,000 people on September 11 to get the FAA to force decades-old safety regulations on the airline industry. We can only hope it won't take such mass casualties for the government to do the same for our pipelines. Too many people have died already. ●

# The Washington Monthly Journalism Award

**NOVEMBER 2001**

## SIOBHAN ROTH

"Unfamiliar Territory"
*Legal Times*, November 5, 2001

*The September 11 terrorist attacks have created a world of heightened security where, as Virginia attorney Clara Cherkasky recalls, an immigration judge remarked, "The dolphins get taken in with the sharks." Roth puts a human face on the situation by profiling Cherkasky, a specialist in asylum law, and some of her clients, many of whom are Afghan citizens trying not to be mistaken for sharks. Some clients face longer delays in INS proceedings, and some fear now they won't be granted asylum. Some give up and go home, while others choose not to even apply, preferring to remain in the United States illegally rather than risk official scrutiny that an asylum petition would draw.*

## DAVID DAMRON AND ROGER ROY

"Both Teams Misjudged Win Recount"
*The Orlando Sentinel*, November 12, 2001

&

## MICHAEL ISIKOFF

"The Final Word?"
*Newsweek Web Exclusive*, November 19, 2001

*On November 12,* The New York Times *and other media participating in a comprehensive review of uncounted ballots from last year's presidential election delivered what was supposed to be the final verdict: George W. Bush would have won even if the United States Supreme Court had not stopped the recount. But the media were wrong. According to* The Sentinel, *the Florida judge in charge of the recount said that he was considering requiring the counting of "overvotes," a fact proven by notes written by the judge at the time and uncovered by* Newsweek. *Had all overvotes been counted, Gore would have won.*

THE MONTHLY JOURNALISM AWARD is presented each month to one or more newspaper, magazine, radio, or television stories (or series of stories) that demonstrate a commitment to the public interest. We are particularly interested in reporting that explains the successes and failures of government agencies at all levels and of other institutions such as the media, corporations, unions, and foundations that contribute to the existence or solution of public problems. Please send nominations (including two copies of the article or broadcast text) to The Washington Monthly Journalism Award, 733 15th Street, NW, Suite 1000, Washington, DC 20005. Or e-mail us at **editors@washingtonmonthly.com**. Nominations for stories run in December are due January 15, 2002.


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# Fabio Gets His Walking Papers

*Can Harlequin rekindle romance in a post-feminist world?*

BY KATHERINE MARSH

ON A TUESDAY MORNING IN LATE August, staffers from the New York office of Harlequin Enterprises meet in a conference room lined with romance-book jackets to discuss newly acquired or promising manuscripts. The roundtable of editors, who range in age from early thirties to mid-fifties, glance at a Xeroxed list of romances that will eventually hit bookstores, supermarkets, and pharmacies, including *Midnight Choices*, *The Weekend Wife*, and *A Showgirl for Santa*.

*A Showgirl for Santa* will be released to coincide with the holiday season. Mary-Theresa Hussey, a senior editor, rehashes the plot. "It's about a grumpy hero who hates Christmas," she explains, "He gets a job playing Santa Claus and becomes snowbound with the heroine and her two young children. The hero likes showgirls so the heroine's kids make their mom into a showgirl and show her off to get a dad."

Despite the fact that *A Showgirl for Santa* sounds like the most outlandish book to be offered to the reading public this year, no one laughs. The plot of *Showgirl*, after all, follows the proven Harlequin formula, one that sells millions of books each year. For over four decades the Harlequin heroine has been a plucky but powerless woman who needs to be rescued from poverty, widowhood, divorce, single motherhood, marauding soldiers, evil relatives, a demeaning job, or some combination of the above.

In the very first chapter of every Harlequin, a hero is introduced, usually a misanthropic but secretly kind-hearted man who is himself suffering from some kind of emotional wound. Over the course of the next 300 or so pages, the two flirt, fight, finally fall in love, and marry, whereupon the man is restored to good humor, and the woman ends up financially secure and loved.

Only at the end of the meeting does another editor named Margaret O'Neill Marbury introduce a manuscript that seems to have nothing in common with the others. It's not set in Texas, there are no single mothers posing as showgirls, and even the happy ending seems in doubt. Marbury explains that she is submitting the manuscript, entitled *Burning the Map*, to the buying committee. "It's about three city girls from Chicago who decide to go to Rome and Greece for the summer to work out the kinks in their relationships with each other and in their personal lives," she explains. "In the case of the main character, she's about to start work at a major law firm in Chicago. The book deals with that worry that we're going to sell out and be miserable doing it but at the same time the fear of what will happen if we don't sell out."

The editors nod and smile, a reaction identical to the one for *A Showgirl for Santa*. But whether or not the editors acknowledge the differences between the two manuscripts, they know that *Burning the Map* may represent the future for Harlequin.

In November, Harlequin launched Red Dress Ink, a new imprint that is Harlequin's version of "chick-lit," the single city-girl genre made popular by the British best-seller, *Bridget Jones's Diary*. Unlike a Harlequin, which involves both a hero and heroine, a Red Dress book

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focuses exclusively on the heroine's story. While a Harlequin conjures up a fantasy of romantic love that ends with wedding bells, a Red Dress book presents a more realistic picture of single life and dating, one that ends not necessarily in marriage but self-discovery. In short, Red Dress is supposed to marry the mass-market appeal of Harlequin Romances with a contemporary sensibility that will attract 21-to-34-year old women.

It's a tough order, because it requires finding an elusive yet fairly universal formula for female happiness in a post-feminist era—one that most women haven't entirely figured out. Red Dress's struggle to find a romance formula for this new era reflects the struggles of young women to find a happy medium between love and independence without having to sacrifice too much of either.

## Bodice-rippers

Last October 2000, Margaret Marbury, a 37-year-old mother of three, was tapped to head Red Dress. Up to that point, her main job had been editing romances for Harlequin. A tall, angular woman with straight blond hair and a knack for finding common ground on any subject, Marbury constructed outlines for soap opera serials and acquired historical romances. The shelves lining her small office in midtown Manhattan are crammed with them. "I used to have more," she confesses, "But I just sent eight boxes to the nursing home."

That, in essence, is the problem facing Harlequin. As the average age of its readers has grown older, the number of books it is selling has declined. One reason that Harlequin is attracting fewer young readers is that the books espouse a traditional version of femininity, one in which women are still swept off their feet by tough yet tender alpha males and marriage is the ultimate goal. Today, even the books' titles, *The Marrying Kind* or *Expecting His Child*—not to mention the bodice-ripping covers—hearken back to the days of pre-feminist values. Millions of women around the world gobble up Harlequins, but many do so somewhat shamefully; and it is the stigma associated with them that has turned off a younger generation of readers.

This is the problem that Harlequin has assigned Marbury to solve. Red Dress must distance itself from Harlequin in order to escape the stigma associated with its more traditional parent. But at the same time it must find a way to replicate the commercially addictive Harlequin formula in an updated—and upscale—form.

The typical Harlequin romance reader is a middle-aged, married woman from small-town America. A whopping 69 percent of Harlequin readers are married. Sixty percent of them live in towns with populations under 50,000; and 36.7 percent, the largest chunk, are located in the South. Harlequin readers are about evenly split between working-class and middle-class women. The majority has some college education but there is also a sizable percentage, 32 percent, who completed their education with a high-school diploma. In launching Red Dress, Harlequin is hoping to change those demographics.

The company is not only hoping to attract a younger romance reader but the type of sophisticated, urban post-feminist woman who probably never would have considered buying a Harlequin romance.

While Harlequin had recently introduced a new, sexier line of romances, Blaze, aimed at younger readers in its traditional demographic, the company decided to go urban and upscale with Red Dress because it believed city women were willing to pay top dollar. The success of *Bridget Jones's Diary* suggested that there was a healthy urban market for romance-based women's fiction.

Marbury envisions the typical Red Dress reader as a young, single, working woman who lives in an urban center—though she also claims that rural or suburban young women who want to keep up with cultural trends will make up a percentage of the audience. Although her household income may not be that much higher than the typical middle-class Harlequin reader, the Red Dress reader has more purchasing power as a single, childless woman. Unlike the average Harlequin reader, who picks up her latest romance at Wal-Mart, the college-educated Red Dress reader is used to buying higher-priced women's fiction at tweedy bookstores.

In order to expand its demographic, Harlequin decided last fall that Red Dress would be its own imprint. Nowhere on the books will the Harlequin name or logo appear. In comparison to the 70 romance titles published by Harlequin each month, Red Dress will publish only one. The books are trade paperbacks, larger, with better quality design and higher-concept cover art than the pocket-sized, mass-market Harlequins. The price reflects this distinction: Harlequins sell for $4 to $6 a pop whereas a Red Dress is priced at $12.95.

But the challenge facing Red Dress to capture the hearts of a new generation of female readers goes far beyond the cosmetics of trade paperbacks. Its struggle to define what the modern woman wants in a book is a metaphor for the struggle facing its readers, women in their twenties and early thirties, who are also trying to reconcile pre- and post-feminist sensibilities. Young women at the turn of the 21st century are encouraged to go out in the world, have a career, put off marriage


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and children: and, for many women, there is still a stigma associated with wanting otherwise. But at the same time, thirty years after the start of the feminist revolution, it seems naïve and out-of-date to disparage traditional choices or conceptions of femininity.

What both Red Dress editors and their target readers are trying to do is establish a new, inclusive formula for love and romance—one that acknowledges that women's lives have changed, while recognizing that young women no longer see commitment and independence as mutually exclusive. The Red Dress editors, as well as many young women in their target audience, want to reintegrate romance into post-feminist life in a way that departs from the traditional marriage prescription with all its patriarchal shackles but that still satisfies the emotional need for companionship.

**Red Dress Ink wants to reintegrate romance into post-feminist life—departing from the traditional marriage prescription, but still satisfying the emotional need for companionship.**

Marbury chalks up the changes in women's lives to what she calls "the cultural shift" that has made her own life so different from her mother's. Her mother married at 19 and stayed home to raise Marbury and her three brothers while her father ran an asphalt company in Champaign, Il. After college, Marbury spent two and a half years in Chicago working for Merrill Lynch before getting an MA in journalism from Syracuse University. She didn't marry until 29 and is a working mother. "In my mother's and grandmother's generations, women got married for financial reasons," she explains. "But now a woman can say 'I'm making more money than a man, so what can he bring to the relationship?'"

Marbury wants Red Dress books to be up-to-date portrayals of women's lives, but ones that evolved in a seamless and non-threatening way out of the romance tradition. But the person most skilled at reconciling different generations of women's literature—and arguably of women's lives—is Isabel Swift, vice president of editorial for Harlequin Enterprises. Swift, who is 47 and has worked at Harlequin for 20 years, is the type of quirky intellectual who has spent her life marrying high and low culture. A Madiera and Harvard graduate from a well-to-do Washington, D.C. family, Swift has four pierces in her left ear, not to mention a mullet hairdo—and collects action figures.

Swift argues that the common ancestor of both romances and chick-lit books is the 19th century comedy of manners, epitomized by the novels of Jane Austen. Like *Pride and Prejudice*, Harlequin romances are dramatically propelled by the goal of a happy and financially secure marriage, one that is invariably reached by the book's end. Swift still sees this goal as a valid one. "Pretty much everyone I know is trying to find someone they can be with," she explains. "And yet we all look at romance and say it should be off in a corner, it's a girl thing. I think that makes a lot of women uncomfortable."

### Chick Literati

Although Canadian publishing executive Richard Bonnycastle founded Harlequin in 1949, it wasn't till 1964, on the suggestion of his wife, Mary, that the company began focusing exclusively on the romance genre. The word "Harlequin," which shares a derivation with the "harlequinade" or the English "Punch and Judy" shows, is a fitting name for the low-brow, mass-market version of Jane Austen's comedies of manners. Although Swift would never suggest that *A Showgirl for Santa* is a direct literary heir of *Pride and Prejudice*, she believes that Harlequin offers its readers entertaining and comforting variations on that standard romance tale.

Swift says that chick-lit also has its roots in novels like *Pride and Prejudice*. She points to the plucky optimism that chick-lit heroines share with Austen's heroines as well as the fact that in both chick-lit books and Austen novels, romantic realization hinges on self-realization. Swift's argument is supported by the fact that the hallmark chick-lit novel, *Bridget Jones's Diary*, is a contemporary retelling of *Pride and Prejudice*, one whose hero even shares the surname of Austen's hero, Mr. Darcy.

*Bridget Jones*, which was published in England in 1996 and in America two years later, spawned countless books about the dating lives of urban, single women. TV shows like "Sex and the City" and "Ally McBeal" also sought to capture the lifestyle and attitude of the city girl on the prowl. In 1998, Melissa Bank published another influential chick-lit book, *A Girls' Guide to Hunting and Fishing*, which became a U.S. bestseller. That same year, Samantha Bell, a 31-year-old editor at Harlequin's London office, shared her enthusiasm for the new genre


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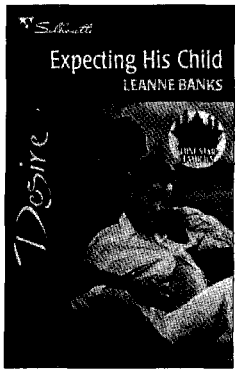


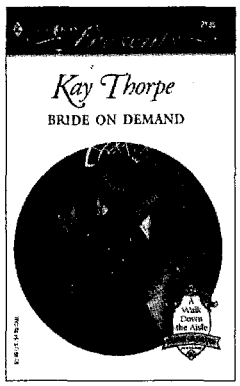

*Above: Traditional Harlequin Titles*

with Swift. By February 2000, when Swift, Bell and other editors met at Harlequin's world headquarters in Toronto to discuss how to attract younger readers, the idea of creating a chick-lit line seemed a natural solution, and Red Dress Ink was born.

*Bridget Jones's Diary*, as well as shows like "Sex and the City," explores the thirtysomething man crisis, the ticking of the biological clock and the hunger for marriage, or at least love. For urban professional women, their thirties is an acceptable age to seriously consider marriage and to start feeling that single and career life is not all it's cracked up to be. Harlequin wanted to tell the *Bridget Jones* story, but they also wanted to attract a slightly younger audience, women in their mid-and late twenties. The question was, what do women this age want? Would they accept a Bridget-Jones-like heroine who is lonely and overtly craves marriage but is only 25? Or would the demographic that Harlequin wanted to attract find the narrative too "retro?"

Swift wanted the Red Dress books to capture positive changes in women's lives but also to delve into certain timeless anxieties about love and identity. Although Red Dress heroines work outside the home and value their careers, Swift, like Marbury, shies away from calling the books feminist because she believes that feminism disparages the more traditional elements of women's lives, such as the desire for marriage and motherhood that Harlequin romances stand for.

But the bottom line is that Swift needs to sell more books. In 1990, Harlequin sold 194 million of them worldwide. Ten years later, this number had declined to 153 million. In the 1990s, Harlequin raised the prices of its books and also began selling more stories in anthology form so that, despite the decrease in sales, profits are still growing. But with the average age of a Harlequin reader now at 47, Swift must prepare for the future. Besides, it's not only the readers who are getting older, but the writers. "There was this realization that we weren't finding an incredible new crop of twentysomething romance writers," explains Swift, "But when we started talking about Red Dress, young women were getting really excited, saying, 'I can write that, that's my life.'"

One of these women was Sarah Mlynowski, a 24-year old assistant product manager in Harlequin's Toronto headquarters. After hearing that Harlequin was looking for manuscripts about city-girl life, Mlynowski began her debut novel in April 2000 and finished it eight months later. *Milkrun*, the story of a 25-year-old romance-book editor who tears around Boston looking for a date after being dumped by her boyfriend, hit stores in December. Mlynowski was paid $7,000 plus 7.5 percent of royalties for *Milkrun*. This past June, she signed a deal with Red Dress for two more books.

Mlynowski, who is pretty and petite, grew up in an anglophone family in Montreal. After graduating from McGill University with a degree in English literature, she took several jobs in publishing with the goal of someday writing a book. Mlynowski, who describes herself as a feminist, sees the chick-lit genre as validating women's voices and experiences.

The real question, though, is whether a book like *Milkrun*, can really validate women's experiences when it fails at the most basic level—as a good read. The book is written in a hyperbolic, stream-of-consciousness style and though there are a few funny passages, the overall feeling of reading it is like hanging out with a wisecracking yet irritating friend. The sitcom-like descriptions of bad dates and bar scenes never add up to anything.

Unlike a romance—or even a successful chick-lit book like *Bridget Jones's Diary*—*Milkrun* lacks a dramatic arc. The heroine never moves towards a pivotal moment when she will discover who she is and in doing so, make better romantic choices. There is something disheartening about the fact that after 279 pages, the sum total of the heroine's personal growth is that she no longer wishes her ex-boyfriend "a slow and excruciating death."


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This, however, may be precisely why Harlequin chose to publish a book like *Milkrun*. With its avoidance of the marriage question and litany of bad dates and meaningless sex, *Milkrun* would never run the risk of being deemed "retro." But it does run the risk of turning off the demographic that Harlequin has traditionally appealed to: women from non-urban areas who tend to marry at an earlier age and enjoy a little more romance in their narratives.

What is unsatisfying about *Milkrun* is also what an increasing number of women today find unsatisfying about life after feminism. Feminism has encouraged women to experience the world and make their own places in it. It has enabled women to do what men have long done: go on a quest through the world, take risks, and enjoy sexual freedom, building an identity in the process. But taken to an extreme, this type of questing, like that of the heroine in *Milkrun*, can easily become a kind of permanent adolescence: tiring, solipsistic, and ultimately stagnating—not to mention that it's hardly the stuff of page-turners.

More importantly, as much as Red Dress has sought to avoid being tagged as a "feminist" press, by focusing solely on the heroine, *Milkrun* has repeated the very problem with feminism that today's younger women are wrestling with: It's left out the men. While feminism can solidly advise on how to get rid of a man—obtaining a fair divorce or a restraining order against an abusive spouse—it's fairly mute on how to actually find, love, and live with a decent man.

Feminism can't tell us what romance might look like once women don't need—or want—to be rescued from anything except their own loneliness. That vacuum cries out to be filled with a new type of narrative that acknowledges the desire of women, even those with feminist ideals, to indulge in a little happy-ending fantasy.

### Jane Austen, Updated

To that end, in May 2000, a Harlequin editor, Joan Marlow Golan, approached 36-year-old Melissa Senate, who had spent ten years editing Harlequin romances, and asked her if she wanted to try her hand at a Red Dress book. Although Senate had drawn up story arcs for the Sweet Valley High and Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen books, she had never written a novel.

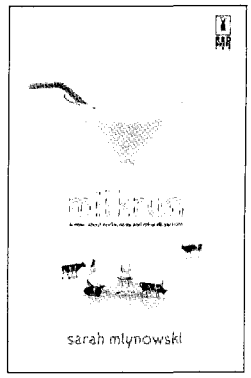
In just over two months, Senate, who grew up in a working class family in the Bronx, Queens, and New Jersey, wrote *See Jane Date*. Jane, an ambitious yet insecure 28-year-old assistant editor from Queens, like Senate herself, lives in an Upper East Side studio, struggles to quit smoking, and is desperately in search of a good date. In August 2000, Red Dress bought the manuscript for more than $8,000 plus 7.5 percent of royalties and published it in November.

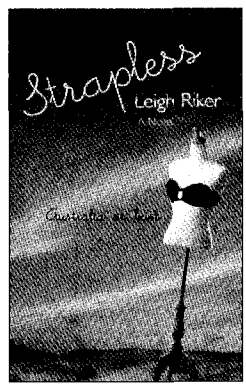
*See Jane Date* is no literary masterpiece. It makes incessant pop-culture and product references (characters long for DKNY clothing, buy *In Style* magazine and look like Nicole Kidman) and is populated by stock characters (the annoying but kind aunt, the prissy friend, the gorgeous rival). As in *Milkrun*, the narrator is yet another twentysomething woman in publishing.

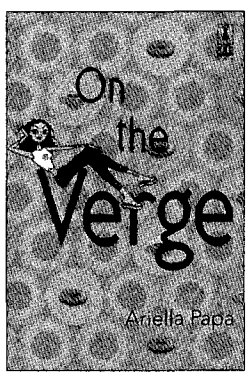
But it is a good read, balancing romance-novel fantasy and post-feminist realism. Like a romance character, the heroine, Jane, is an orphan who needs to find a date for her cousin's wedding at the Plaza, where Jane's father imagined her getting married before he died.

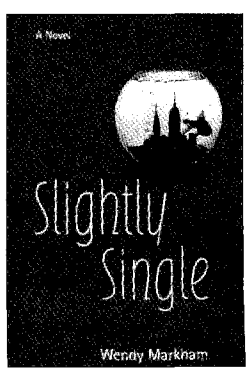
Although the book does not end Harlequin-style with a marriage, it does end with Jane finding a steady boyfriend and the likelihood of long-term commitment. This Cinderella story provides plot and dramatic tension, but what makes it more than a fairytale is that Jane's daily life—reading *The New York Times* wedding pages alone on a Sunday morning, trying to get noticed at work, looking at other women trudging home alone at the end of the day on the subway—captures the very real loneliness of being a contemporary, urban single.

Ironically, the one concern that the Harlequin editors had about Senate's man-




*Above: New Red Dress Ink titles*



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uscript was not that it pushed the envelope, but that it didn't push it enough. So Senate had Jane develop a relationship that results in sex but doesn't work out. But despite this sex scene, Senate's book is decidedly unsexy, perhaps because for the post-feminist woman, sex is an easily attainable, feminist-approved goal, one that carries less stigma than admitting to loneliness or desperately wanting emotional connection with a man.

**Feminism can't tell us what romance might look like once women don't need—or want—to be rescued from anything except their own loneliness.**

While feminists once saw sex as a means of asserting the newly liberated female identity, what makes the chick-lit genre subversive is not the occasional fumbling sex scene but the failure of sex to answer post-feminist women's longings for real human connection.

Like Swift, Senate believes that women who express loneliness or disappointment at an independent life feel ashamed, and are made to feel like spoiled children complaining that the good life isn't good enough. Today, she explains, "You're supposed to find everything in yourself, so if you feel lonely you make other people squirm. Now I'm being interviewed, which is not an everyday occurrence in my life. What do I want to do after this? I want to go out with my boyfriend and tell him about my day and I want him to say, 'hey, that's great.' But you know what I'm really going to do? I'm going to go home alone and watch a movie."

Like Senate, today's young women have reaped the benefits of feminism, getting jobs and taking care of themselves to avoid the risk of becoming dependent on men who make them beg for pin money.

But after 30 years of feminism, middle-class young women are now fairly secure in the knowledge that it's possible to maintain their independence and get married, have children, and keep their careers in the city—an option early feminist pioneers were usually denied. The trouble now isn't finding the right job; it's finding the right guy.

Despite the hip, urban trappings of the chick-lit heroines of Helen Fielding and Melissa Bank, the Austenesque quest for the good man is still the central theme of their stories—and what makes those stories compelling. After all, love is supposed to transcend the mundane world of work and money, and a good literary romance offers the hope and vicarious thrill of that transcendence.

The difference between Bridget Jones and her Harlequin predecessors, though, is that what they require in a hero has changed as dramatically as the lives of the heroines. But even *See Jane Date*, the more successful Red Dress book, only expresses the desire of its heroine for romance rather than giving us a good look at the type of guy who could meet her more amorphous, post-feminist needs. Though it's clear that the tough-but-tender alpha male with deep pockets is no longer the obvious choice, identifying the formula for the perfect modern romantic hero may be even harder than updating the post-feminist heroine. Red Dress seems to have solved that problem by mostly leaving the heroes out.

### Finding Mr. Write

Isabel Swift is correct in surmising from the success of such books as *Bridget Jones's Diary* that young urban women want a twist of romance in their narratives. But it is still not likely that Red Dress Ink will succeed. With books like *Milkrun*, which avoids ending in marriage or commitment, Red Dress has strayed too far from its romance roots. In doing so, it is bound to lose its core middle-American audience and will probably fail to capture the Bridget-Jones-loving urban one as well.

Red Dress has done a better job putting theory into practice with a book like *See Jane Date*, which borrows more heavily from the romance tradition. But although the sensibilities of *See Jane Date* would resonate with many urban, single, career girls who crave their own Bridget-Jones-like heroines, it's also likely they would dismiss the book in favor of a more clever, literary read.

Literature requires seasoned writers—Jane Austen, Edith Wharton—and they're not likely to turn up as 24-year-olds getting paid $7,000 for a formula book. Harlequin's biggest mistake may be that instead of creating a new chick-lit line for the younger women in their traditional demographic, they are determined to court a new upscale, urban audience.

But even if Red Dress Ink fails to attract the audience that Harlequin intended, the women of Red Dress are on the right quest. It's not their fault that they haven't figured out what the new formula for women's happiness is. No one else has, either. ●


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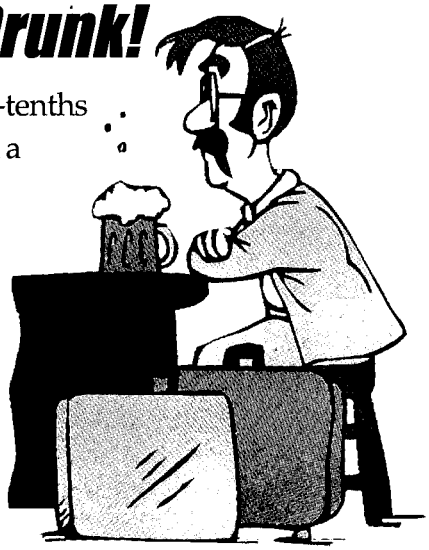
# Tidbits & Outrages

## Backseat Driver

"I used to fly myself, and I said, 'Well, there's one terrible pilot.'"
—**President Bush**, recalling what went through his mind when the first hijacked plane hit the World Trade Center.

## That's Not Turbulence, *You're Just Drunk!*



"Nowadays, I'd say nine-tenths of the people who get on a plane are drunk."
—One tipsy traveler at Baltimore-Washington International Airport, confirming vendors' reports that long security delays are causing business to boom in airport bars.

## *Roses are Red and You'd Better be, Too*

Political junkies looking for love in London have a new option: Socialist Partners, a dating service that matches potential paramours by political persuasion. But they'd better be left of center. "I don't turn people away for age, disability, or color," the proprietor told Reuters. "I would turn them away if they were Conservatives."

## Correction of Fact

**In the issues of December 16th 2000 to November 10th 2001, we may have given the impression that George Bush had been legally and duly elected president of the United States. We now understand that this may have been incorrect, and that the election result is still too close to call. The Economist apologizes for any inconvenience.**

## God Save the Queen

*The British government may be getting more credit than it deserves. According to a survey by an anti-smoking group, 46 percent of Britain's smokers believe the habit to be safe because the government permits tobacco advertising.*



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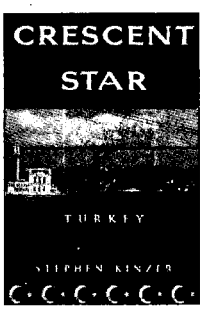
# Crescent Wrenched

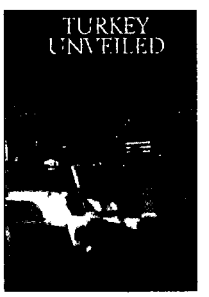
*Turkey is America's strongest ally in the Islamic world. Can we save it from self-destructing?*

## By Whit Mason

I was in a cab on my way to dinner in Istanbul recently when I heard the sound of cannon fire, the signal that the day's Ramadan fasting was over. Then came the call of the muezzins from minarets all over the city, and the sight of the Muslim faithful making their way to mosques. As usual, there were no angry protests against America, no loud chants of support for the Taliban, the kind you might see in other Islamic countries. Indeed, though opinion polls indicate that a majority of Turks oppose the U.S. air strikes in Afghanistan on humanitarian grounds, any American in Turkey these days is bombarded by condolences for September 11th and expressions of solidarity coming from Turks from all walks of life. My cab driver, for instance, told me that we (Turks and Americans) had to stand together against these Arab fanatics. Later, at a hip Thai restaurant where I was having dinner with an American diplomat—the place brimming with slickly dressed customers anxious to break the Ramadan fast—the young Turkish waiter took a moment to ask what we thought about the war in Afghanistan. Apparently reading our non-committal expressions to mean that our resolve needed stiffening, the young man leaned forward, looking each of us in the eye in turn. "It's too bad some innocent people have to die," this young Muslim pronounced firmly, "but the war is absolutely necessary."




CRESCENT AND STAR:
Turkey Between Worlds
*by Stephen Kinzer*
Farrar Straus Giroux, $25.00




TURKEY UNVEILED:
A History of Modern Turkey
*by Hugh Pope and Nicole Pope*
Overlook Press, $16.00

Turkey is once again showing itself to be America's strongest, most reliable ally in the Islamic world. The Turkish government has offered to send 90 commandos to join the U.S.-led force in Afghanistan. The U.S. airbase at Incirlik, in the south of Turkey, is a vital logistics hub for operations in Afghanistan—and in Iraq, if the war turns in that direction. While other Muslim countries talk about driving Israel into the sea, Turkey conducts joint training exercises with Israeli forces. When Colin Powell visited Ankara in December, it was to coordinate with a trusted ally, not to solicit support from "the Muslim world."

Modern Turkey has looked westward for over 80 years, ever since its founder, Kemal Ataturk, introduced the Latin script, bowler hats, ballroom dancing, and secular government. This tradition lives on. The big debate right now in Turkey is about how the country can make the changes required to join the European Union (Turkey became a candidate for membership two years ago). For decades, Turkey has been a member of NATO and a vital military ally. But the events of Sept. 11 underscore the increasing importance of Turkey as an economic and cultural ally as well. In addition to fighting terrorism directly, America must find ways of draining off some of the Islamic world's anti-Western fury. This will mean convincing Islamic citizens that they, too, can prosper in the modern, commercial, democratic world. In this effort, Turkey could be a beacon of hope.

But if it's going to play that role, Turkey must first save itself. The economy, already in bad shape, went critical last

Whit Mason *has reported from the Far East, Russia, the Balkans, and the Middle East and spent the past three years based in Istanbul as a fellow of the Institute of Current World Affairs.*



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February after Turkey's aged and prickly Prime Minister, Bulent Ecevit, had a public spat with the nation's independent-minded president, Abdul Necet Sezer. Overnight the Turkish lira lost 30% of its value and the stock market crashed. After briefly rising above $3,000, Turks' per capita income is now back to about $2,700. Though bread only costs about twenty cents a loaf, thousands now stand in lines for subsidized loaves. Inflation this year will be between 70 and 80 percent. With the economy hollowed out by corruption and the flight of hot money, a new $10 billion loan from the IMF secured this summer only allows Turkey to pay the interest on its foreign debt. Anyone young and educated enough to imagine a different life is dreaming of emigrating. Older people are simply hopeless. Almost daily, Turkish papers warn of a "social meltdown."

This is not a momentary crisis caused by a worldwide recession. Rather, like Japan's 10-year stagnation, the problem is rooted in the country's structure. The majority of the nation's banks function as slush funds for their owners. Most elected officials are as corrupt as they are inept. The nation's military, though not corrupt, continues to control things behind the scenes, despite the EU's requirement that it remove itself from politics. About the only statistics that are rising are luxury car sales to the privileged class and torture of prisoners, up 50 percent over last year, according to human-rights groups. A preliminary intelligence finding by the CIA concludes that Turkey's prospects range from bleak to dangerously unstable. If this sounds pessimistic, you should hear how bleak Turks themselves are sounding.

The biggest disaster looming over the horizon concerns Cyprus. In 1974, Turkish troops invaded the Mediterranean island republic in response to a coup founded by the military dictatorship in Athens, carving out an ethnically pure "Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus" on the northern third of the island. To this day, no nation other than Turkey recognizes the entity, and its Turkish residents live in poverty. Meanwhile, the ethnic Greeks who reside on the southern two-thirds of the island (where the internationally recognized government sits) are now so prosperous that Cyprus is set to join the E.U. as early as 2003. Ecevit, the Turkish prime minister, has threatened to annex the Turkish part of Cyprus if the Greek part joins the E.U. alone. That could put Greece and Turkey on a war footing. It would certainly ruin any chance Turkey has of eventually joining the E.U. itself. And that would send a very dangerous message to the rest of the Islamic world. (In December, the Turkish Cypriot leader, Rauf Denktash, met with his Greek counterpart for the first time in four years and the two committed themselves to further negotiations to unite the island).

Preventing Turkey from imploding should be one of the top items on the U.S.'s Middle East agenda. For now, it is not. The Bush administration, understandably, has more immediate concerns, and anyway, it's always hardest to criticize a friend.

*Crescent and Star: Turkey Between Two Worlds* by *New York Times* correspondent Stephen Kinzer reflects this dilemma of the well-intentioned friend of Turkey who wants to get it to help itself without provoking further fits of self-destructive behavior. As a Turkish reviewer remarked, it's clear Kinzer has fallen in love with Turkey. Kinzer delights in the often ironic and sometimes delicious contrasts of Turkish life, so much so, in fact, that he intersperses the book's ten main chapters with colorful vignettes he calls "mezes", the Turkish term for the plates of appetizers served at fish restaurants along with alcohol. His vignettes—about smoking waterpipes, drinking Turkey's disorienting anis drink, raki, traveling in the footsteps of conquering and defeated emperors—are the most rewarding parts of *Crescent and Star*.

The main chapters, which deal with Turkey's defining political attributes, begin with a sketch of the Ataturk's life and thought, and with the cult of personality that has developed since his death in 1938. It was Ataturk who in the wake of the Ottoman defeat in World War I first rallied the defeated Turkish troops to expel foreign invaders from Anatolia, then forged from the Turkish rump of the empire a consolidated nation-state based on French centralism, Swiss law and an embrace, at least among the elite, of all things European. From the beginning, there was a conflict between Ataturk's authoritarian methods and his goal, which was above all to wrench Turks' minds out of what he regarded as the intellectual straitjacket of Islamic tradition and free them to show the kind of dynamic creativity that had enabled European civilization to dominate the world. His greatest wish was that Turkey would be accepted as a part of Europe, a vision that has been threatened by Turkey's intransigence over Cyprus.

Kinzer quotes Ataturk: "'I am leaving no sermon, no dogma, nor am I leaving as my legacy any commandment that is frozen in time or cast in stone.'" Unfortunately, Ataturk's heirs ignored this plea and instead enshrined a simplified version of his ideas in a 6-point catechism that it is illegal to criticize. A self-appointed priesthood comprised of army officers (known as "the pashas") and senior civil servants has interpreted the scripture they attribute to Ataturk to justify oppressing any who challenge them, from Kurdish civil-rights campaigners and Christian minorities to Muslims who mix religion and politics and intellectuals who question the orthodoxy.


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Kinzer has the right instincts about the nature of Turkey's problems. He notes, for instance, the parallels between the authoritarian political culture in Turkey and that of its ideological antithesis, Iran. The chapter "Ghosts" describes Turks' refusal to acknowledge the Armenian genocide in 1915, when Ottoman troops and irregulars ethnically cleansed eastern Anatolia of Armenians after repulsing a Russian invasion that Armenians had supported. "Calls for openness, candor and full disclosure fill Turkish commanders with fear," Kinzer writes. "'You can't get them to look at this a new way,' an American intelligence agent with long experience in Turkey once told me. 'Around the time that we were having sexual-harassment scandals in our army, I was sitting around drinking raki with a few of them. They were horrified that we were letting these women soldiers tell their stories in the press and that we were disgracing and punishing our generals ... When something goes wrong you can try to fix it, but you can't ever let outsiders know there was anything wrong.'" This inability to tolerate—much less profit by—criticism pervades not just the officer class but the entire society and results in a kind of national learning disability; lacking an effective feedback mechanism, Turkey perennially fails to learn from its mistakes.

Despite this important insight, "Ghosts" is, unfortunately, also replete with the sort of banal didacticism that mars much of the book. Regarding Turkey's years of terror at the hands of rightist and leftist gangs, for instance, Kinzer says merely: "It is still unclear how Turkey descended into such violent upheaval during the late 1970s."

By contrast, the definitive journalistic account of Turkey, *Turkey Unveiled* by Hugh and Nicole Pope, devotes 16 densely informative pages to the question, concluding that the combination of the Cyprus conflict and the economic impact of the 1973 Arab-Israeli war never gave Turkey much of a chance. The end of the decade was eerily reminiscent of the situation today: amid the first rumblings of revolution in Iran, Jimmy Carter decided to shore up this wobbling ally by softening his criticism, arranging for Turkey's debt to be rescheduled, and signing a new bilateral defense treaty. (A few months after these improved ties, the military staged a coup that kept it in power for three years and allows it to continue dominating Turkish politics today.) Though their book is historical, the Popes' style is so much more informative that they manage to say as much about the last couple of years in Turkey in a postscript to a new, updated edition as Kinzer says in his entire book. Little surprise that Kinzer's affectionate account is already being translated into Turkish while the Popes' harder-hitting book, first published in 1997, remains out of reach to any but the English-speaking elite.

Kinzer correctly notes that if Turkey got its own house in order, it could show the entire Muslim world how to reconcile its Islamic culture and authoritarian heritage with real democracy. In actuality though, Turkey is isolated. Its only friend in the region is Israel. Devout Muslims see Turkey as both an apostate state and yet another example of the fact that might makes right and proof that the U.S., self-styled champion of freedom, will prop up any regime that supports its policies.

For their part, Turks remember that if the western powers had had their way in 1919, they would now be confined to a barren bit of central Anatolia with all the choicest parts of the country divided among their triumphant enemies. Not surprisingly, this history leaves them deeply skeptical of foreigners' advice on how to manage their country. American diplomats are very aware of this prickliness.

There is also the fear that if the generals relax their grip, Turkey will be engulfed by a religiously driven revolution like the one that consumed Iran in 1979. Indeed, if elections were held today, the biggest vote-getter would probably be the Islamist Justice and Development party. Yet Justice and Development is a far cry from the fundamentalist parties that have wracked other countries in the region. Its most "Islamist" political priority would be to lift the ban on women wearing the traditional Muslim headscarf in public service and universities. By all indications, the party is about as Islamic as the Christian Democrats of Europe are Christian.

The Clinton administration's approach to Turkey was to remain relatively quiet about its failings while appealing to its better angels. The cornerstone of Clinton's policy was its successful promotion of Turkey's candidacy to the E.U., which provided unprecedented incentives for Turkey to redress its perennial shortcomings.

Since the terrorist attacks on the U.S., the Bush administration has been even less critical than usual of Turkish failures in terms of human rights, freedom of expression, and corruption. Their reticence is understandable: If you were running the NSC, would you take the chance of screwing up a dozen other important U.S. goals for which Turkish support is helpful—from Iraq to Afghanistan—in order to pressure the Turkish General Staff to address issues that appear to be domestic or at most regional?

The problem is that seemingly local issues eat away at Turkey's social fabric and dramatically undermine its value as an ally. As Turkey's most loyal ally and the world's sole superpower, no country can do as much as the U.S. to persuade Turkey to confront the painful changes it needs to make. That's what friends are for. ●


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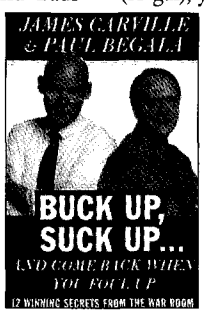
# Political Booknotes

## Little League Insights

**By Michael Crowley**

In their strange new book, veteran Democratic campaign strategists James Carville and Paul Begala implore their readers to never stop taking risks. "Success breeds risk-aversion," they note, smiling brightly upon those "people who experiment and dare greatly—and sometimes fail greatly." Original members of the Clinton "War Room," Carville and Begala themselves know success well; the business of politics has brought them fame, wealth, and the enduring status that comes from having whispered into a president's ear. Now that Bill Clinton is a private citizen and they are looking for new directions, perhaps they thought a zany self-help book would be just the sort of risky experiment they so admire. Unfortunately, they have failed—but not even greatly. What they have produced feels like little more than an excuse for the pair to sound off about politics, sports, movies, their lives—you name it. In other words, it's just the sort of book successful people produce when they've grown self-satisfied, complacent, and risk-averse.




BUCK UP, SUCK UP... AND COME BACK WHEN YOU FOUL UP
*by James Carville and Paul Begala*
Simon&Schuster, $23.00

*Buck Up, Suck Up ...* is less a book of "secrets," which might excite political junkies and insiders, than one of some fairly elementary rules of thumb for politics and life. These are fleshed out by a sloppy Cajun gumbo of anecdotes, observations, and short portraits of such famous winners as Teddy Roosevelt, Muhammed Ali, and Bill Clinton. The prose sounds as if it had been dictated at a Ramada Inn lounge, and the jokes are terrible ("The War Room was designed for action. No, not that kind of action. Stop snickering.") The 12 secrets the subtitle (including "Kiss Ass," "Kick Ass," and "Work Your Ass Off") amount to nothing more than basic principles like hard work and clear communication, with a special emphasis on playing rough and tough. "The bottom line," they write, "is that if you're faster, smarter and more aggressive than the other guy (or gal), you're going to win more often than not." Who knew?

There are a handful of insights sprinkled through this book, however, especially on the specific turf of campaign strategy. For instance, Carville and Begala argue that campaigns must always be predisposed towards bold action, warning against what Jesse Jackson once called "the paralysis of analysis." During the 1992 Clinton campaign, they would fire off ideas at 7:30 a.m. meetings in the War Room and vow to implement them "absent some compelling reason not to" by 9 a.m. "And a compelling reason is not, 'It might not work.' No shit, it might not work. Let's make it work."

They also warn of how campaigns fail when they become hung up on micro-details, like how to answer the phones or what sort of yard signs to use. Many candidates, they note, spend all their time on these diversions and never think about how average voters are perceiving them. (Al Gore is tweaked here for caring too much about the design of his campaign logo.) "Too much of the energy of a campaign ... goes into the small questions, the 'how' questions. Not nearly enough goes into the big, existential questions like 'What are we doing?' 'Why are we doing it,'" they write. "Our experience has been that those simple questions are the hardest to answer and the easiest to avoid ... If you as a leader lose sight of your strategic objective for even a single moment, you will be astonished by how quickly everyone under you begins to focus on the most inane, irrelevant, goofy crap imaginable." Gore isn't mentioned in this passage, but his tortured campaign again comes to mind.

The book's other saving grace lies in the few fresh and colorful campaign anecdotes it offers. For instance, there's the tale of how Carville encouraged Lloyd Doggett, a 1984 Texas Senate candidate who was derided by a more experienced rival as a "little leaguer," to embrace the term and reinvent himself as "Little League Lloyd." Soon Doggett, outfitted with baseball bat and cap, was holding press events at ballparks around the state to rail against arrogant Washington insiders. He won the primary. There's also a fascinating account of the near-implosion of a Carville/Begala client, Georgia Democrat Zell Miller, in his 1990 campaign for governor. Miller admitted to the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* that he'd told a significant lie in a debate. But after a brutal headline ("Miller: I Lied") appeared in the first, midnight press run of the paper, the story was gone from morning editions. "To this day we don't know exactly why the paper saved Miller's butt," Carville and Begala write. It's stories like this that offer a respite from the rest of the book's stale insights and wearying goofiness. But they're too few and far between to save it.

Michael Crowley *is an associate editor of* The New Republic.

## Of Corset Matters

**By Christina Larson**

Third-wave feminists waving copies of Naomi Wolf's *The Beauty Myth* once proclaimed that men had hatched an ominous conspiracy to trick women into pursuing an impossible beauty ideal rather than real social progress. In *The Corset: A Cultural History*, Valerie Steele lays waste to that doctrine by documenting the extent to which women, not men, have historically policed the ideals of femininity, often in spite of the objections of bewildered men.

No Victoria's Secret bimbo, Steele is serious about her subject. In her hands, the history of fashion is treated as a study of the intersection of beauty ideals with new technologies that enable them. Chief curator at the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York, Steele teamed up with cardiologist Dr. Lynn Kutsche to investigate the havoc wreaked by



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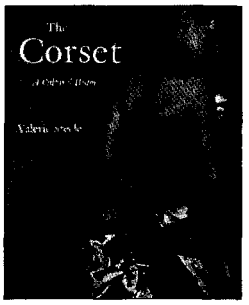
tight-laced corsets on women, from the late Renaissance Madonna Catherine de Medici to the more modern Material Girl. Steele thumbed through early medical journals for accounts of corset-induced casualties and trekked to the Smithsonian Institute to examine its collection of female skeletons with rib deformities.




THE CORSET
A Cultural History
*by Valerie Steele*
Yale University Press, $39.95

Though commonly associated with Victorian upper-class matrons, corsets originated much earlier, in the 16th century, and by the 19th had become a hallmark of fashion for women of nearly all classes. Practically compulsory for women of aristocratic birth, corsets were also adopted by working women who aspired toward similar ideals of fashion. One popular line of mass-produced corsets in the 1880s was the "Pretty Housemaid" model.

Fetishists aside, gentlemen of the 19th century did not strap their women into corsets in order to titillate their erotic fancies, as some conspiracy theorists would have us believe.

One male beauty writer, Ernest Feydeau, even wondered in print why "the generality of women envy [these] elegant monstrosities."

Many men, especially doctors, warned women of the dangers of lacing corsets too tight and some advised not wearing a corset at all. Steele found that *The Lancet*, a preeminent British medical journal, published "more than an article a year from the late 1860s to the early 1890s on the medical dangers of tight-lacing."

One famous rant against the corset in 1874, "Madre Natura versus the Moloch of Fashion," enumerates 97 different "diseases produced by Stays and Corsets according to the testimony of eminent medical men." The alleged symptoms ranged from the rational (impaired breathing and circulation) to the pseudo-scientific (heightened hysteria and melancholy) to those characteristic of the premodern obsession with reproductive well-being (the inability to breast-feed properly and the danger of miscarriage or deformed offspring).

That's not to say, though, that these early doctors were sounding the alarm in hopes to liberate women from their lowly social status. Most of this early anti-corset literature was clearly misogynistic, maligning the waist-cinching undergarment alternately as evidence and as cause of "innate" female irrationality. Instead, the male doctors' concerns about women's health stemmed largely from their concerns over women's ability to procreate. Steele shows that criticism of the corset increased during periods of low fertility.

Though absolved of the most drastic claims lobbed against it (Steele could not determine that any of the Smithsonian skeletons were deformed by tight-lacing), corsets did contribute to a variety of milder ailments, including shallow breathing, shortness of breath, atrophied back muscles, and potential difficulty in labor. Victorian heroines' heaving bosoms and fainting tendencies were more likely induced by insufficient oxygen and upper-diaphramic breathing than by arousal in the embraces of mustachioed lovers.

Despite the obvious physical inconveniences, as well as admonitions of both doctors and philosophers against such an "unnatural" fashion—Thorstein Veblen condemned the corset as "a mutilation, undergone for the purpose of lowering the subjects' vitality" in his 1899 *Theory of the Leisure Class*—the market for mass-produced stays was on the rise in the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

Industrialization put fashionable garments within the reach of more and more consumers. Working women didn't need to pay for tailoring once new steam-molding techniques allowed manufacturers to shape corsets on metal torso frames rather than taking individual measurements. Catalogues made corsets available to women who didn't live near urban boutiques. Trade journals such as *The Corset and Underwear Review* proliferated. Women also produced and peddled corsets. "By the early nineteenth century, the majority of small and medium-sized corset manufacturers were women," Steele reports, though she doesn't delve into who reaped the profits from this lucrative industry, which on the eve of the Second World War raked in $65,000,000 annually (equivalent to nearly $2 billion today).

Women persisted in wearing corsets despite the obvious health problems for complex, and often counterintuitive, reasons. We assume today that corsets were designed to attract men, but for Victorian women, waist-cinchers helped establish a class-based pecking order within their own sex. While some early corset advertisements catered to the fantasy of snaring a husband with a corset-enhanced figure, more common were ads showing women watching women. One 1882 trading card for the Adjustable Duplex Corset depicted two women peeking through a keyhole to discover "Why Mrs. Brown has such a *perfect* figure."

The corset facilitated a pernicious association between physical beauty and virtue, as upright posture and a slender waist came to be regarded as evidence of discipline, modesty, rigor, and refinement. Ladies who abandoned their stays were scorned as both lazy and immoral. "Older women, not men, were primarily responsible for enforcing sartorial norms," Steele writes. "The cultural weight placed on propriety and respectability made it difficult for women to abandon the corset, even if they wanted to."

What eventually happened to the corset? First, a technological change: In 1960 DuPont introduced Lycra into the manufacturing process, which made whalebone or metal frames obsolete. In effect, the corset became the girdle. Then, the 1970s, with their bra-burning feminists, brought cries for less restrictive, more natural feminine fashions. But Steele says the corset, with its moral and postural uplift, didn't vanish altogether. Instead, she doesn't stray too far from Naomi Wolf, positing that the tools for achieving the feminine ideal have simply changed: "The corset did not so much disappear as become internalized through diet, exercise, and plastic surgery." Men, though, no longer seem to object to these body-shaping tools. Instead, they're adopting them. Perhaps that's progress.

CHRISTINA LARSON *is the associate publisher of* The Washington Monthly.



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# Extremist Sports

**By Alex Heard**

NOW PROBABLY ISN'T THE BEST time to release a hip, ironic book about how funny extremists can be, what with the ongoing tremors over anthrax, airline safety, and international terror networks manned by ferocious Islamic Jew-haters. Still, it would be a shame if Jon Ronson's *Them: Adventures With Extremists* gets overlooked just because the national mood has shifted to no-kidding-allowed. There's hilarious reporting in here, and though Ronson isn't entirely sure about what to make of it all, he manages to serve up a fair amount of wisdom with the laughs.

Having worked this beat myself, I ask only three things of books about fringe people. First, the writer has to hit the road and put himself eyeball-to-bulging eyeball with his subjects. (Sounds obvious, but academics who theorize about the fringe often prefer to confine their research to the library, where you can't get hurt or hollered at.) Second, he should serve up solidly reported tales that deftly combine "funny" with "alarming," because that's the way it is out there—99 percent of the time, kooks are harmless, even strangely likeable, but there's always the nerve-tweaking possibility that their silly or offensive rants will translate into serious, violent action. Finally, the writing should advance an idea that's more nuanced than this all-too-common theme: "These people are weird, I'm here, let's sneer."

Ronson does just fine with the first two—his travels in Europe, the U.S., and Africa bring him in close contact with an amazing range of characters, among them Omar Bakri Mohammed (a notorious, Britain-based Islamic fundamentalist who describes himself as Osama bin Laden's "man in London," and who has been under close scrutiny since September 11); Rachel Weaver, daughter of Randy Weaver and a survivor of the F.B.I. siege of Ruby Ridge; and David Icke, a former soccer player who's gained infamy in Britain by insisting that most world leaders are, in fact, 12-foot lizards in disguise.

Ronson trips up on the question of what it all means, possibly because he's trying too hard to find a coherent narrative thread through a collection of experiences that, by nature, defy coherence. The driving motive is a quest. A British journalist/humorist and documentary filmmaker who is also Jewish, Ronson decided several years ago to travel the world to meet Jew-obsessed Islamic fundamentalists, American neo-Nazis, and so forth—at first, it seems, simply because such people are an easy source of "found" humor in the style of Louis Theroux and Michael Moore. "And this is what I did with them for a while," he writes in his preface. "But then I found that they had one belief in common: that a tiny elite rules the world from inside a secret room.

"I took it upon myself to try to settle the matter. If there really was a secret room, it would have to be somewhere. And if was somewhere, it could be found."

THEM:
Adventures with Extremists
*by Jon Ronson*
Picador, $24.00

Note to Jon: There's no secret room. Instead there's a large, permanent underground of groups animated by a stew-pot of madcap theories about the Zionist Occupation Government, the New World Order, and shadowy outfits like the Bilderberg Group, which conspiracy theorists see as "a tiny band of insidious and clandestine powermongers [who] meet in a secret room from which they rule the world."

These alleged cabals are not synonymous—ZOG paranoia has its origins in the anti-Semitic fantasies of the *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, a purported transcript of a secret 19th-century meeting of Jews plotting to rule the world. The Bilderberg Group is real—it was founded in 1954 by Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, who named it after a Dutch hotel where the first meeting was held. Bilderberg brings together politicians, economists, journalists, businesspeople—Bill Clinton attended in 1991—and yes, its meetings are secret. But so what? That's true of most meetings sponsored by private organizations, from country clubs to the Shriners. Bilderberg is basically one of those big-think organizations wherein an elite (some of them Jews, many not) gather to bloviate about globalism, the economy, and politics; it bears more resemblance to Davos than ZOG. One oddity of *Them* is that Ronson, having settled on the quest theme, spends most of his questing time on the trail of Bilderberg types, as if sneaking behind their curtains were the same thing as finding ZOG's "secret room."

Oh, well. The good news is that some of these quests are brilliantly funny. Ronson spends time with Thom Robb, a Ku Klux Klan leader who's determined to force an image makeover on his racist colleagues by banning the N-word and getting them to submit to a personality assessment that clusters them under labels like "powerful choleric sanguine" and "peaceful phlegmatic." He reports on a David Icke speaking tour in Canada, and decides that the P.C. forces lined up against Icke are more ridiculous than the Lizard Man himself. He crashes the annual Bohemian Grove retreat in Northern California—another super-elite gathering that gives conspiracy theorists the heebies—in concert with a Texas-based rant-radio host named Alex Jones, who worries about his fate if he's caught sneaking in: "I'm not going to end up tied to a pentagram with Henry Kissinger's fat belly hanging over me while he's necking with a pentagram, am I?"

With less success, he tries to crash a Bilderberg meeting in Portugal, in a memorable adventure with Big Jim Tucker, a reporter for *The Spotlight*, the conspiracy-dripping, Washington-based newspaper. Big Jim comes off like a living parody of a private detective; fearing assassination by unseen forces as he searches for the "truth," he calls a friend every day "just to announce I'm still kicking the can and still hunting the macaroon."

One of the funniest chapters details Ronson's long acquaintance with Omar Bakri Mohammed, a simultaneously scary and pathetic guy who wants to overthrow the British government and form an Islamic state. But of course, post-Sept. 11, it's also one of the unfunniest chapters, and it raises the essential question of whether extremism can, by any stretch, be considered cute anymore. One last quibble with Ronson's style is



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that he doesn't always dig deep enough—with Omar, for example, he doesn't quote anyone from British law enforcement who can shed light on whether he's a real menace or a wheel-spinning joke. In a revised preface sent to reviewers after the World Trade Center attack, Ronson talks to Omar after his arrest for making inflammatory statements, calling for a fatwa against President Musharraf of Pakistan for cooperating with the United States.

"Oh, Jon," Omar tells him. "I need you more than ever now. You know I am just a clown. You know I am laughable, don't you?"

"I don't know," Ronson replies. Trouble is, neither do we.

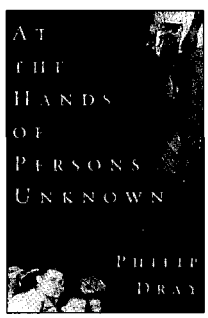
ALEX HEARD *is the editorial director of* Outside *magazine and author of* Apocalypse Pretty Soon.

# Strange Fruit

**By Ta-Nehisi Coates**

IF YOU NOW FIND YOURSELF obsessed, in the wake of September 11, with the possibilities of other heinous acts, if you feel like a target for zealotry and extremism, if you are now doubting your government's ability to protect you, then you are getting an idea of what it has felt like to be African-American for a good part of this country's history.

Those parallels, and the feeling of dread, and their lingering influence on black Americans' attitudes towards police and other authorities, are dramatically evoked in a new book by Philip Dray, *At the Hands of Persons Unknown*. The book is a thorough history of mob violence directed against African-Americans over nearly a century after the end of slavery, starting in 1886 and not truly ending until 1964, when the last known mob-directed lynching occurred with explicit assistance and approval from local police officials.




AT THE HANDS OF PERSONS UNKNOWN:
The Lynching of Black America
*by Philip Dray*
Random House, $29.95

Dray has created a complex portrait of an American—particularly Southern—tradition of publicly murdering African-Americans, drawing on documents collected at the Tuskegee Institute known as the Lynching Archives. The typical lynching started with a fabricated report of a white woman ravished by a black man. A mob usually gathered and some previously anonymous black male was put to death in some excruciating way, thus restoring the honor of the befouled dame.

As a narrative, the book draws its power from the sheer barbarity of lynching. Through Dray's eyes we see thousands of victims dying in the most gruesome ways. We also see some of America's most celebrated institutions, along with the country's own mythologies about race and sex, conjuring a shadow of terror that would forever haunt black America.

Dray's book begins with America's beginning. He traces lynching to some of its earliest manifestations during the Revolutionary War and to Virginia justice of the peace Charles Lynch, for whom the practice was later named. A Quaker banned from religious meetings due to his foul tongue, Lynch set up makeshift courts that routinely sentenced suspected horse thieves to flogging during the war. Suspected British sympathizers were often jailed or tied to trees, whipped, and made to yell "Liberty Forever." In a shadow of things to come, Lynch was sued after the war ended by some who had been subjected to his brand of justice and were later acquitted at trial. Lynching not only has its roots in the history of "citizen justice," but also the South's warped gentleman's code. This quixotic brand of chivalry held violence as an endorsed means of evening a score or righting some gentleman's besmirched honor. Dray recounts the assault on Sen Charles Sumner (R-Mass.) in 1856, which began after Sumner "insulted" Sen Andrew Pickens Butler (D-S.C.) by saying that he lasciviously embraced the "harlot" and "whore" slavery. A few days later, Rep. Preston Brooks, a relative of Butler, marched into Sumner's office and beat him mercilessly with a cane. Sumner returned to the Senate, but never recovered from the attack. Brooks was acclaimed in the South, and *The Richmond Enquirer* praised his act as "a proper act, done in the proper place at the proper time."

Dray's retelling of American history is important, because it shows the basis of lynching lay not just in racism, but in fundamental psycho-cultural conflicts. This becomes apparent as Dray explains that lynching of African-Americans was rare during the years of slavery. Indeed, as late as 1885, the number of whites lynched annually almost always exceeded the number of blacks. (Blacks were only spared the rope because they were viewed as property, and the death of a slave meant a lost investment.)

The barbaric spate of violence visited upon freed slaves in the years following Emancipation is well chronicled by Dray, who pulls from old Freedman's Bureau accounts tales of blacks scalped, beaten, shot, and clubbed to death. In an era when the South was mourning the loss of its honor, ex-slaves made easy targets for retribution—and even easier ones once Reconstruction ended and the real epoch of lynching began.

Numbers often fail to capture the true horror of mass murder, but they do help quantify the damage. One of the main shortcomings of the book, though, is Dray's inability to give us a total number of blacks lynched in America. Instead, we get a patchwork of estimates varying in time and geography: 20,000 blacks killed by the Klan between 1868 and 1871; an 1872 congressional report estimating that at the close of the Civil War, 2,000 blacks were killed in Louisiana alone.

Rather than focusing on the accounting, Dray's book derives much of its power through graphically detailing the means by which mobs put African-Americans to death. In Dray's compendium of grisly acts, a quick death by burning looks merciful. Less fortunate victims had their hands chopped off or were force-fed their own sex organs.

Dray notes that on many levels, lynching begins to look like little more than ritualistic human sacrifice, or vicarious cannibalism. "It cannot be coincidence that the South's most popular outdoor entertainment, the barbecue," writes Dray, "was also the term commonly used for the spectacle lynching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of black people." Dray notes that it was not uncommon for spectators to either eat while watching a lynching or repair en masse after the lynching to a meal somewhere. Dray even digs up one egregious incident in which ice cream sundaes were actually served during the act.

His book, however, is more than an annotation of mob violence. It is a comprehensive look at homegrown ethnic violence and the various forces that allowed it to bloom and fester. Institutions—from Brown University to *The Atlantic Monthly*—gave platforms to intellectuals who, throughout the 1800s, pseudo-scienced away the humanity of African-Americans. Newspapers like the *Atlanta Constitution* exhorted mobs to wholesale pogroms. (A headline over one *Atlanta Constitution* story read "Negro, Seen in Dream, Causes Death of Girl.")

Perhaps most disturbingly, the practice of lynching was intertwined with the mythology of the sex-craved black buck, the equally mythological virginal white woman, and the fear of the cataclysm that would ensue should the two so much as exchange eye contact. Dray quotes an Atlanta newspaper article lambasting "progressive white women" who ride next to carriage drivers: "To see a big black Negro sitting along side of or touching the body of a white woman makes the blood in every white man's veins boil, [for] it is utterly impossible for the woman to keep from the body of the Negro. This is a horrible sight for white people to witness."

In bringing these stories to light, Dray has accomplished something that so many African-American intellectuals fail at: placing the "black problem" in the larger context of the "American problem." Dray is able to make seemingly obscure but justifiable connections between historical trends, for instance showing how the rise in working white women at the turn of the century informed the epidemic of lynching. With women growing in independence, insecure white men seemed fixated on the idea that independent white women would forsake them for black bucks and often used lynching to express their fears—and to subtly threaten their women as well. Likewise, Dray keenly notes that lynching often reached a peak during periods when large numbers of white men were out of work.

Dray also succeeds in evoking America's lengthy history of denial when confronted with homegrown racial violence perpetrated by whites, a phenomenon still evident today in debates over everything from slavery to racial profiling. His work helps explain why historically, white people have rarely been held accountable and brought to justice for crimes against blacks. The reason, of course, is simple: With lynching, responsibility for the crime is diffuse, spread equally among many faceless mob members, none of whom can really be singled out for punishment any more than those who consumed the ice cream and cheered on the spectacles.

If *Hands* has one weakness, it is the inability of the author to tell us what the shadow of lynching means for us today. Reading his book, one wonders: Will the shudder that goes down the spine of many black men at the sound of a siren be forever impossible to separate from the legacy of police departments that participated in lynching or simply handed black victims over to mobs? Dray doesn't really address these matters, but now, perhaps more than ever, it would be good to know.

TA-NEHISI COATES *writes frequently for* The Washington Monthly *on race and culture.*

# Cul-de-Sacked

**By Erik Wemple**

URBAN ECOLOGIST JAMES Howard Kunstler put himself in the vanguard of suburban sprawl critics with his 1993 book *The Geography of Nowhere*, which inveighed against isolated subdivisions and those big-box commercial clusters just down the highway. Kunstler's timing was perfect, as he put into words what many Americans in the early 1990s were feeling about their man-made landscape. Particularly insightful was his commentary on the role of the car in ending habitable communities. So hostile were modern suburbs to pedestrians, wrote Kunstler, that "any adult between eighteen and sixty-five walking along one would instantly fall under the suspicion of being less than a good citizen."

THE CITY IN MIND
Meditations on the Urban Condition
*by James Howard Kunstler*
Free Press, $25.00

The broadsides against suburban America earned Kunstler a standing invitation with university audiences and generous allotments of ink in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The New York Times*, and *Slate*. His criticism—presciently published before such developments as Celebration, Florida, and the popularity of New Urbanism—also spawned a host of imitators, whose anti-sprawl treatises now lard the urban-planning section at Borders.

From such an auspicious start, Kunstler over the past eight years appears to have lost his intellectual compass, perhaps as a result of spinning around too many cul-de-sacs. Proof of the author's nosedive comes in his latest book, *The City in Mind*, a mishmash of history and planning critique of Paris, Atlanta, Mexico City, Berlin, Las Vegas, Rome, Boston, and London.

Whereas Kunstler once saw sprawl as a mere anomie-inducing national cancer, *The City in Mind* appears to hold it accountable for all the evil that comes among us. In his rambling chapter on Atlanta, for example, Kunstler cites a September 1999 news story from the *Atlanta Journal-Record* documenting the death of a three-year-old Gwinnett County boy who was struck by a car driven by a 14-year-old learning to drive. The incident, through Kunstler's ideological lens, was not a tragic mishap that could happen anywhere, but more of an industrial accident: "Of course, everybody regrets the loss, but all—including the parents—are eager to forgive and get over the unhappy incident and get on with the next order of business: Real estate must be sold, development deals must be signed, the roads have to be widened to accommodate all the extra cars from the new subdivisions and their accessory strip malls."

Digressions like the Gwinnett County case could only fit into a book titled as vaguely as *The City in Mind*. It sounds as if the author is using this 261-



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page bullhorn to spout off on any random thought that occurs to him. And that's pretty much how it reads.

On its face, the book's concept is plausible: Contrast the development of functional urban centers against those that generate nothing but smog and road rage. On further examination, though, there is no concept at work in the book. It starts with an exhaustive discussion of 19th-century Paris, with special emphasis on the municipal finance machinations of Parisian-makeover chief Georges Eugene Haussmann. Then it blasts present-day Atlanta, a repository of bad planning that Kunstler calls "such a mess that really nothing can be done to redeem it as a human habitat."

By the time he circles around Mexico City, the author throws out all pretense of cohesion. Here, Kunstler recounts—blow by blow—the conquest of the Aztec civilization by the outnumbered retinue of conquistador Hernan Cortes. Check out this excerpt: "Half a year of delicate maneuvering ensued during which Cortes steadily advanced inland toward Tenochtitlan, gathering intelligence, receiving lavish gifts from Moctezuma ... and recruiting as allies a large force of Tlaxcaltecs, a nation who had been used by the Aztecs as a sort of human meat market for decades."

What insight Kunstler hopes to add to five centuries of historical research—starting with the famed chronicles of Bernal Diaz de Castillo—is unclear. After all, he unearths no evidence that Moctezuma underfunded sidewalk construction or resisted moves to mix residential and commercial development. It's not till the end of the chapter that Kunstler unveils his fascinating reason for delving into the conquest: "[I]t is the thesis of this chapter that the spirit of both the Inquisition and the Aztec Death Machine still haunt contemporary life in Mexico City." Ah, to understand the present, we need to look at the past!

When Kunstler manages to leap back to the present, he presses essentially the same arguments of *The Geography of Nowhere*—namely, that we live in a "clueless" urban environment that spreads alienation and whose very survival depends on a perpetual supply of "cheap oil, cheap oil, cheap oil."

That's all fine and good. Where Kunstler veers off the road, however, is in pushing a snooty aesthetic determinism that will free us from the tyranny of soulless suburbia and dead architecture. To wit: "The blank walls and concrete planters of the modernist office buildings, the industrial facades of the muffler shops, the jive-plastic signature parapets of the fry-pits, will someday have to be replaced by buildings that regard the public realm respectfully, that speak to us in comprehensible vocabularies, rhythms, and syntaxes—not just abstractions, and certainly not in cartoons and illuminated verbiage—and that respect the hierarchies of scale that compose the built environment from the smallest detail of window proportions all the way up to the coherence of the region."

Note to author: Americans care far more about their $11.99 oil changes and $5 burger-and-fries combos than they do about architectural syntaxes and hierarchies, whatever the hell they are. Perhaps the best proof of this mass preference is the boom town of Las Vegas, the object of endless, overwritten rants by Kunstler—not to mention more cogent criticism of practically every other urban critic in America today. Las Vegas has both the fastest-growing population and most hideous sprawl in the country. Kunstler calls development schemes in the city "appalling" and "outlandish" and takes pains to deplore the outsize scale of the Las Vegas Strip—critiques that raise questions about the author's qualifications to analyze any American city. This place, after all, is Vegas, for chrissakes. That's where America stores its cheesiest people, buildings, kitsch, whatever.

"Las Vegas is a world capital of foolish and absolutely incorrect notions about what it takes to reconcile human nature with the project of civilization," writes Kunstler. Duh?

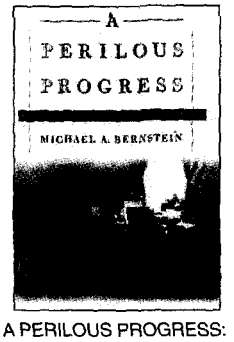
ERIK WEMPLE *is the Washington correspondent for* Inside.com *and* Cable World.

# Econ Artists

**By James K. Galbraith**

AT THIS EXTRAORDINARY MOMENT in history, as we enter what many expect to be a long, deep, and intractable recession, and face a war of unknown scope, duration, and cost, one might expect American economists to be hard at work, absorbed in the practical measures required to sustain full employment, to prevent inflation, and to face the failures of worldwide development on which terrorism has been nourished. There is no sign of it.

Consider the so-called stimulus package: Plainly not a line of any draft reflects the thinking of any competent professional in economics. The Republicans have simply resurfaced their tax-cut agenda, cobbled together months back to serve their never-satisfied clientele. Meanwhile the Democrats offer useful relief on too small a scale, alongside pieties about ensuring that all measures be "temporary" and "responsible." Lobbyists in one trench, bookkeepers in the other. Though everyone is fighting, in some loose sense, under the banner of John Maynard Keynes, no one reads him anymore. The fault, dear economists, lies not in our politicians, but in ourselves. This Michael Bernstein makes clear in *A Perilous Progress*, a history of economics and public policy in the century past. For American economists were raised, above all, to be useful: in war, depression, and in war again, and then, through the 1960s in the management of peacetime prosperity.




A PERILOUS PROGRESS:
Economists and Public Purpose in Twentieth Century America
*by Michael A. Bernstein*
Princeton University Press, $39.50

Bernstein, a trained economist and professor in history at the University of California at San Diego, details a largely unknown and even unsuspected history of how our professional associations and journals strove from the beginning to engage the important questions, and of how they in the end lost the ability to do so. Bernstein is especially good on wartime planning, and on the high Keynesianism of the 1960s. (Oddly, he passes over the



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important story of price control, and also, later on, of peacetime incomes policy.) The planners, he demonstrates, knew their business. It was no process of supply and demand that brought 50,000 aircraft a year into production, but the fast and incisive calculations of Simon Kuznets and Robert Nathan and their ability to find resources by, for instance, extending work hours, adding shifts and limiting overtime pay. Bernstein writes: "Born of an intellectual legacy tied to the investigations of scholars predisposed to privilege individualism and democratic ideals ... neoclassical economics was requited in the historical accident of a command economy."

Twenty years on, Kennedy and Johnson's economists took a no less serious view of their duty. The Council of Economic Advisers of those years worked with the President closely and intervened with authority on his behalf both within government and with the private sector. Full employment without inflation was achieved and maintained. In the words of Senator William Proxmire, Kennedy's CEA chief Walter Heller and his colleagues "ha[d] almost singlehandedly made the profession both respectable and useful in the eyes of government." And then, as though these achievements had not occurred, the profession suffered a nervous breakdown. It was part of the larger crisis of American liberalism faced with Vietnam and the twin challenges of radical and reactionary protest. The New Economists might maintain that the fault was Lyndon Johnson's, for failing to raise taxes to pay for the war (a position this reviewer has never found entirely satisfactory). But however the merits of that may be, their position with the profession and the public crumbled, first because of inflation, and then with the return of classical doctrines, which airbrushed the government from American economic history more completely than the Soviets erased Trotsky.

"Feel-good economics" took over. As Bernstein relates, in 1997 Greg Mankiw of Harvard received $1.25 million for a textbook in which the name of John Maynard Keynes "barely appeared once." Under President Clinton, Alan Greenspan took control of policy, while members of the CEA disappeared from view. Privatization and deregulation advanced on all fronts, abetted by cheerleading economists who in earlier times would have been in powerful dissent. Instead of public servants, the pros became consultants and expert witnesses, for hire like lawyers. Ultimately, their credibility was lost, while talented academics retreated into opaque formalism without practical content. Bernstein concludes: "At century's end, the discipline ... was confronted with a remarkable paradox. On the one side, the very prestige and influence of economics as a social science had been built upon statist agendas. Yet on the other, the contemporary profession had turned inward, spurning the fiscal activism and frank political engagement of its forebears, preferring a more withdrawn posture that ostensibly depoliticized its work while at the same time it made more and more practitioners mere shills for particular corporate elites eager to seize upon public assets now increasingly 'privatized.'"

And so we end where we started. Of the American Economic Association meetings in 1915, the President of the New York Federal Reserve Bank (no less) wrote that the participants were a "'rather impractical lot. Here is a world crisis, the greatest in a half a thousand years, or more,' and economists did not even deign to discuss it." No present day observer would be surprised.

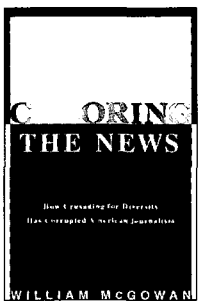
JAMES K. GALBRAITH's *latest book is* Inequality and Industrial Change: A Global View, *co-edited with Maureen Berner.*

# Yellow Journalism

**By Seth Mnookin**

MORE THAN SIX YEARS AGO, IN the fall of 1995, Ruth Shalit wrote a 13,000-word piece for *The New Republic* entitled "Race in the Newsroom—*The Washington Post* in Black and White." The piece, written before the feisty scribe was drummed out of *TNR* for a laundry list of journalistic sins, set out to document "the growing backlash against affirmative action at the *Post* itself."

Shalit was tackling one of the thorniest topics in newsrooms in America. Her piece came on the heels of two incendiary memoirs written by black reporters who had left the *Post* (Nathan McCall's *Makes Me Wanna Holler* and Jill Nelson's *Volunteer Slavery*). Both writers said the paper was a predominantly white enclave into which token blacks were hired but never fully accepted. On the other side of this poisonous divide were the midlevel white journos who were convinced that they would be succeeding faster were it not for the forced diversity represented by the Nathan McCalls of the world. (McCall made an easy target: He had a serious criminal record as part of his vita, having spent three years in a Virginia prison, and admitted in his book to participating in numerous gang rapes of black girls.)




COLORING THE NEWS: How Crusading For Diversity Has Corrupted American Journalism
*by William McGowan*
Encounter Books, $25.95

Shalit got an impressive number of things wrong. (Look up *Post* editor Len Downie's barnburner riposte for the whole list.) But she did get the forest right, even if she was hard-pressed to accurately identify all of its trees. A half-decade ago, the burgeoning economic boom was just reaching the country's ink-stained wretches, and most working journalists still remembered the lean years of the early and mid-1990s, when staff-writer jobs were few and far between. Efforts to diversify the country's newsrooms were often forced and clumsy, and many people, black and white, had legitimate gripes. There was a growing backlash against affirmative action, and it wasn't limited to the *Post*'s newsroom.

It was during this time that William McGowan, a former *Washington Monthly* editor and current Manhattan Institute fellow, signed on with Simon & Schuster's Free Press to write a book critiquing how a poorly conceived and executed push to diversify newsgathering organizations was robbing American journalism of its objectivity. McGowan aimed to take Shalit's critique one step further, examining not



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only how diversification was roiling newsrooms but how it was hurting the product of journalism as well.

It took six years for McGowan's polemic, *Coloring The News*, to get published, and by the time it came out, it was no longer a Free Press book. The feisty West Coast house Encounter Books had picked it up. Not surprisingly, a pungent hint of scandal surrounds this move. In late 2001, Encounter's publicist sent out an e-mail claiming that McGowan's work had been suppressed by the liberal media cabal running the country's newspapers, magazines, and publishing houses: "Originally, Simon & Schuster's Free Press had signed on to publish this book, but decided against it in fear of publishing such a controversial issue."

It sounds like a great hook: Manhattan Institute fellow has his work squelched by the very liberal theocracy he's critiquing. Unfortunately this claim, like too many of the criticisms in McGowan's outdated tome, has only the flimsiest connections to reality. McGowan did indeed sign a contract with the Free Press in 1995. By the time he got around to handing in his manuscript four years later, the editor, editor-in-chief, and publisher of the Simon & Schuster imprint had all moved on.

Still, despite Encounter's claims, McGowan acknowledges that the Free Press was willing to publish his book; it was the author who balked. "It was clear their editorial vision had changed," he told me. "If they had taken the book, they wouldn't have supported it the way I wanted them to." ("The suggestion that the book was cancelled for fear of controversy is a complete fabrication," says Mitch Horowitz, the editor who signed up McGowan. "In terms of controversy this book was a walk in the park.")

And so we are introduced to *Coloring the News*. As with Shalit's 1995 article, which McGowan cites approvingly several times, McGowan's book demonstrates an impressive ability to misinterpret and misreport facts. But McGowan, who seems to have begun this project with an ideological axe to grind, fails to even map the forest correctly. *Coloring the News* is filled with canards and an unsophisticated tendency to see conspiracies behind every door even as it fails to recognize the tremendous change that has occurred in American newsrooms over the past six years.

Affirmative action in the newsroom, like any other affirmative action debate, became less pressing as the economy got better and there were more jobs to be had. And the country's news directors, editors, and publishers have become more nuanced in their efforts to broaden the makeup of their operations. That may be one reason McGowan seems to have done little research since the mid-'90s, when he initially signed on to write his book. For example, he harps on some old and much-ridiculed quotes from top *New York Times* people, including then-executive editor Max Frankel's "own little quota plan." But that was 10 years and two top editors ago. Today, the *Times* has a black managing editor for the first time in its history, an appointment that caused no outcry from partisans on either side of this diminishing debate.

(A humorous example of how out-of-date this book is: Anna Quindlen is the most frequently cited *New York Times* columnist, and she hasn't worked for the paper since 1994.)

More disturbing, the examples McGowan does dust off to show double standards and reverse racism in the newsroom, such as the *Boston Globe*'s Patricia Smith-Mike Barnacle debacle, often are missing so much information as to change their meanings. Elsewhere, McGowan's analyses are so misleading one has to wonder if the deception is purposeful. Take McGowan's treatment of the December 1995 killings at Freddy's Fashion Mart in Harlem, where a black man named Roland Smith set the Jewish-owned store on fire and then shot seven people to death.

*The New York Times*, claims McGowan, referred to Smith in laudatory terms. "The *Times* depicted Smith as a man of 'principle,' explaining that he lived 'an ardent credo' of black 'self-sufficiency' and 'resistance,' and that his actions inside Freddy's were not criminal per se, but a strange act of suicide in protest against the 'institutional force' of white racism," McGowan writes.

The article in question actually refers to Smith as mentally deranged. Furthermore, the piece never claims that the massacre wasn't criminal; instead, it simply quoted a former friend of the killer's to show how far gone he was: "'It was an act of insanity for all of us looking in on it ... But I'm 98 percent sure he didn't view it as an act of criminality, but as a strange act of suicide against an institutional force.'" The same day that story ran, the *Times* printed an op-ed column (by a black writer, no less) that read, "Roland Smith was driven by a sick hatred of whites and Jews and by the criminally irresponsible anti-white and anti-Semitic ravings of protesters who had been picketing Freddy's."

Even as McGowan spends thousands of words picking on the *Times* tendentious coverage of racial issues, he devotes exactly one sentence to last year's Pulitzer Prize-winning project, "How Race is Lived in America." He calls the 15-week series an "exception" which "managed to catch many of the subtleties and the sense of historical progress often lacking in most of the paper's daily coverage."

While McGowan will no doubt refer to negative reviews of his work as further proof that the entrenched media elite don't want to hear his views, the shame of *Coloring the News* is that the issues McGowan tries to raise—whether unofficial quotas for newsroom hiring results in a decrease of quality and objectivity; whether racial issues are treated with less skepticism than they should be—do need to be addressed. But as McGowan claims in his book, no serious, thoughtful analysis of these issues has been done, and that includes this work.

SETH MNOOKIN *is a former senior correspondent for* Inside.com *and* Brill's Content.

# Trial by Jury Consultant

**By Dorothy Samuels**

SPEAKING TO REPORTERS FOLLOWING his 1991 acquittal of charges that he raped a woman at the Kennedy family's Palm Beach estate one moonlit night over the previous Easter Weekend, William Kennedy Smith thanked his mother, his family, his defense lawyer, Roy Black, and members of the jury. In a true sign of the


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times, he also thanked the jury consultants who assisted his high-powered attorney in picking the sympathetic panel that cleared him in just 77 minutes.

For many Americans, including this one, the painstaking four weeks of jury selection that kicked off the Kennedy rape trial was a troubling introduction to the burgeoning field of jury consulting. Nowadays, it seems, nary an important criminal or civil proceeding is litigated in this country without one or both sides relying on expensive hired guns, typically with a background in psychology or the social sciences to assist the legal team in shaping trial strategy.

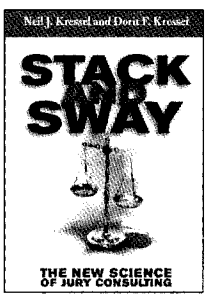
Deploying techniques imported from the world of commercial advertising and marketing, and less scientific sociological hocus-pocus, the growing cadre of trial consultants is transforming American justice, though not necessarily for the better. The services these consultants offer run from soup to nuts—beginning with help in selecting the "right" jury, and extending to conducting market surveys and mock trials designed to test the appeal of various theories of the case and hone the critical opening and closing arguments to achieve maximum legal and dramatic effect.

Since the Smith rape trial, trial consultants have played a key role in some of the nation's most celebrated cases, including the trial of Louise Woodward, the 18-year-old British nanny accused of killing eight-month old Mathew Eappen; the racial maelstrom known as the O.J. Simpson murder trial; and the trial of 12 mostly Arabic-speaking, Muslim defendants for plotting to blow up various NYC landmarks.

Should Osama bin Laden or any of his top lieutenants be captured alive in Afghanistan and put on trial before one the military tribunals authorized by President Bush, it is not farfetched to imagine some trial consultant being handed the infant profession's most challenging assignment yet. ("Osama," I can practically hear this vexed expert gently advising his client during witness prep, "you need to tone down that 'death to America' stuff. It's not playing well with our focus groups. We want the jury to see your warm, human side. And while we're at it, Osama, could we please do something about that beard?")

Readers interested in a carefully researched examination of this influential but largely hidden growth profession will find it in *Stack and Sway: The New Science of Jury Consulting*. Written by Neil Kressel, a social psychologist at New Jersey's William Paterson University, and his wife Dorit, a practicing attorney, this surprisingly engaging book provides an even-handed accounting of the methods and madness of this relatively new phenomenon, and the possible implications for American justice. Best of all, it manages to do so without being preachy or simplistic. Indeed, the book's real fun lies in the Kressels' admirable habit of presenting from opposing angles the various issues raised by the panoply of services which jury consultants so enthusiastically provide.

One moment, for example, the authors are raising the temperature about the thin line between legitimate witness preparation and unethical scripting in a consultant's effort to persuade a man sued civilly for date rape to take a softer approach in testimony to avoid turning off jurors by seeming sexist. In the next, they complicate matters, arguing that such advice may sometimes serve justice by helping a witness overcome personality quirks or poor communication skills.




STACK AND SWAY:
The New Science of
Jury Consulting
*by Neil Kressel and Dorit Kressel*
Westview Press, $27.50

Of course, a central issue about the use of jury consultants involves the sensitive matter of race, which in turn engages the most fundamental controversy: What is it, exactly, that jury consultants do? Are their elaborate efforts to assist lawyers in the jury selection process by identifying attitudes, values, and would-be demographic predictors merely benign efforts to screen for biases that could jeopardize fair trials, as practitioners like to claim? Or, alternatively, do these amount to attempts to circumvent the Supreme Court's ban on using preemptory challenges to eliminate potential jurors based on race?

How one responds to those issues, I am now convinced after reading the book, has a lot to do with one's own level of cynicism about lawyers, and the gaming of the justice system generally. For their part, the Kressels' rather cheerful conclusion, based on whatever scant research exists, and the opinions of assorted experts, is that the fears about consultant-concocted juries defeating the right to trial by an impartial jury are greatly overblown. That is not for a lack of trying, and the authors take pains to note that the chance that the use of selection consultants will determine the outcome increases in highly publicized, racially divisive, or otherwise controversial cases. Moreover, jurisdictions that allow the most preemptory challenges are most vulnerable to unseemly influence by jury consultants. But in most cases, jurors transcend factors like race, gender, and other background characteristics in responding to evidence, and the responsibility of serving on a jury can lead people to suspend their prejudices, especially when they are instructed to do so by a judge.

Personally, I have come to think of the growing reliance on jury consultants as something akin to those infamous "coffees" and "sleepovers" that Harold Ickes organized at the White House to raise money for President Clinton's 1996 re-election campaign. Before Mr. Ickes applied his legendary organizational zeal to this project, it was not unusual for presidents going back decades to have big donors as guests at the White House. But systematizing the practice, and attaching a presumptive price tag to the honor, lent it a distinct odor, creating the impression—also the reality, critics charged—that the White House was for sale to folks with deep pockets. Similarly, lawyers have always used their intuition to try to exclude from their juries people, they believe, for one reason or another, will be tough to win over to their version of the case. But the advent of highly paid professionals who lend a scientific gloss to the process has changed things, creating a harmful impression—sometimes true in fact—of unfairness, and a justice system gone terribly awry.

DOROTHY SAMUELS, *a member of* The New York Times *Editorial Board, is the author of the novel* Filthy Rich, *published recently by William Morrow.*



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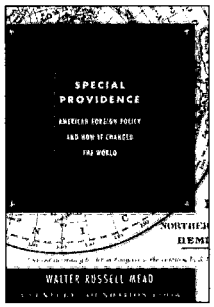
# Imaginary Isolationists

**By Michael D. Mosettig**

IT'S PRETTY REMARKABLE IF A NEW book about American foreign policy that barely mentions terrorism, much less Osama bin Laden, can stand up after September 11. This one does, brilliantly.

Walter Russell Mead, a prolific and engaging writer, has produced a history of American foreign policy turning upon American ideas and practices since the days of the Founders. At its core is a myth-breaking proposition that the U.S. has been actively, and mostly successfully, involved in the world economically and diplomatically since the early days of the Republic. American isolationism, the author argues, is a myth propagated to rally public opinion for engagement in the early days of the Cold War. The time spans when the U.S. seemed out of sync with the world, for instance in the decades after World War I and to some degree in the post-Cold War decade, are not the product of isolationism but the consequence of domestic gridlock among the four major schools of American policy. The author reminds that there would have been more than the necessary two-thirds of the Senate ready to ratify U.S. membership in a League of Nations with powers equivalent to the current United Nations had President Wilson been prepared to negotiate with Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. It was this deadlock, not the small bloc of isolationists, that scuppered ratification.




SPECIAL PROVIDENCE:
American Policy and How It Changed the World
*by Walter Russell Mead*
Knopf, $25.00

The gridlock theory is as pertinent as any in explaining why the 1990s now starkly loom as one of the great wasted opportunities of American foreign policy. China proved remarkably resistant to the lure of democracy, while Russia and other former Soviet republics had trouble absorbing democracy or capitalism. American public support for humanitarian interventions was shaky at best. The post-World-War-II consensus for expanded free trade began melting after NAFTA gained narrow congressional approval in 1993. Congress only finally committed to paying back UN dues after the September 11 attacks. So much for the New World Order. Mead acknowledges he is on tricky ground with conventional historiography when he propounds his four-schools matrix. To over-simplify a highly textured presentation, he basically divides policy impulses among Hamiltonians, Wilsonians, Jeffersonians, and Jacksonians. The first two are globalist in outlook, the Hamiltonians to promote primarily economic engagement, the Wilsonians to promote American values, at gunpoint if necessary. The latter two derive from a certain skepticism about the world and the dangers of international involvement for American democracy. The Jeffersonians are particularly interested in limiting American engagement, the Jacksonians similarly inclined but ready to respond with overwhelming force if they feel provoked.

To those of us who studied U.S. diplomatic history (at least in mid-century) probably at the feet of Wilsonian professors, Mead's exploration of the other schools is thought-provoking. To cite two examples: the influence of British commercial and foreign policies over the Hamiltonians; and the demonstration that the Jacksonians political and cultural influence, once thought to be waning, has regained such strength as to make it politically impossible for a U.S. president to pursue a limited war. Even those of us who studied under the Wilsonians are reminded that Wilsonianism really pre-dates Woodrow and is rooted in the immensely important role of missionaries over two centuries of U.S. policy. Think of China, for starters.

Mead's historical review leads to several current points, still valid even if September 11 has broken the post-Cold War policy deadlock in Washington. First, this book is a ringing affirmation of a democratic foreign policy process, as much as this confuses and bedevils both foreign and American elites. Policies can strengthen at home and abroad when the tensions among the four schools are worked out, absorbed and synthesized in democratic debate. Democratic foreign policy is more constant over decades, even centuries, Mead argues, than those that rely on the skills or force of a single great leader.

His second point is that democratic processes need to be engaged more fully as this country moves beyond the Cold War. Mead is worried, and with good reason, that a new elite has taken over from the old elite. While more ethnically diverse, it is even more cut off from ordinary Americans than the much-derided WASP elite in class, education, income and in the absence of such common experiences as serving in the military. He argues provocatively that the more years this neo-elite spends in prestige schools, the less its ability to speak and write in ways that average, less-privileged citizens find convincing.

Finally, Mead raises two basic questions that will outlast any current consensus on the war on terrorism: Namely, to what degree is this country ready to share sovereignty and decision-making with allies and international organizations. And second, that we have not had the necessary debate over the implications of the current American hegemony, a combination of military, economic, technological, and cultural power unmatched in history?

Alas, in contradiction to Mead's own admonition to the neo-elites, hegemony is not a word that fits easily in the American vernacular. Indeed, it rolls far more readily off tongues at the foreign ministries in Paris and Beijing, two places, among many, where this book should be required reading.

MICHAEL D. MOSETTIG *is senior producer for foreign affairs and defense at the* NEWS HOUR WITH JIM LEHRER.

# Moose Tracking

**By Howard B. Schaffer**

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, TO THE consternation and dismay of the conservative leadership of his own Republican party, Theodore Roosevelt became the 26th president of the United States. It proved a turning point in American history. The youngest and, by any reckoning, one of the most dynamic and fascinating men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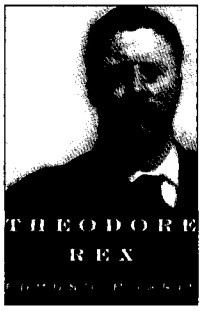
ever to reach the White House, Roosevelt—the Theodore Rex of Edmund Morris's highly readable new biography—followed a long succession of mediocrities who had presided over the country in the 36 years after the death of Lincoln.

Like his assassinated predecessor William McKinley, these mostly forgotten men felt no need to exercise the power and influence inherent in the presidency and were largely overshadowed by the congressional leaders, industrial tycoons and Wall Street bankers who dominated the American scene in the post-Civil War years. Roosevelt rejected their legacy and made the White House a powerful force in shaping the nation's political, economic and social life. The first president to begin his term in the 20th century, he had an impact on the governing of the country that endured long after he left office in 1909 after completing his second administration.

*Theodore Rex*—Morris recalls that Henry James used the phrase—is a lucid, insightful and sympathetic portrait of Roosevelt's seven and a half years as president. It follows the able biographer's Pulitzer Prize-winning *The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt* (1979) in which Morris chronicled Roosevelt's meteoric progress from his childhood in a prominent patrician family in Manhattan, through his years as a privileged Harvard preppy and tough North Dakota ranch hand, to a succession of political and military positions—among them the New York State assemblyman, New York City commissioner of police, heroic and famed leader of the Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War, a governor of New York, and, briefly, vice president.

*Theodore Rex* picks up Roosevelt's story with McKinley's death, when as Senator Mark Hanna famously declared, "that damned cowboy is the president of the United States." Roosevelt was then not quite 43. What follows is an almost play-by-play account of Roosevelt's years in power that begins with his breakneck dash by horseback and special trainride from his cabin in the wilderness of the Adirondack Mountains in upstate New York to Buffalo, where McKinley lay dead, the victim of an anarchist's bullet. In the ensuing 729 pages of narrative and endnotes, Morris focuses on the main events of Roosevelt's two administrations, the time of the Progressive Era in domestic politics and of America's arrival at the high table of world affairs.

These were event-filled years. Morris describes with drama and detail Roosevelt's success in resolving the crippling strike of Pennsylvania anthracite miners, an unprecedented intercession of the federal government in labor-management relations, and his drive to curb the power of the railroads and bust corporate trusts. He devotes long sections to Roosevelt's efforts to enact laws providing for what would nowadays be called consumer protection and his leadership of the conservation movement, which created the vast system of national parks and forests we know today.



THEODORE REX
*by Edmund Morris*
Simon & Schuster, $35.00

Turning to the international scene, Morris discusses with precision and insight the machinations that led to the building of the Panama Canal, and his section on Roosevelt's intervention with the Japanese and Russians to end their 1904-05 war is particularly good. The president's efforts led to a peace treaty and won him a Nobel Peace Prize.

Morris brightens his descriptions and assessments of Roosevelt's official activities with colorful portraits of many of the president's contemporaries, from Elihu Root to William Howard Taft. But all of these characters are overshadowed in Morris's pages by Roosevelt himself. A prodigious writer, voracious reader, tireless speaker, endless talker, keen hunter, wily politician, stern moralist, and loving paterfamilias, the charismatic president was a dominating figure devoted to an incredibly strenuous physical and intellectual life.

Foreign envoys clambered to keep up with him as he raced on horseback through Rock Creek Park and swam in the Potomac. Visiting Germans were astounded by his familiarity with the masterpieces of their fatherland's literature and his comprehensive knowledge of its affairs. He similarly impressed a delegation of Jews when he recited to them, impromptu, lines from Longfellow's poem, "The Jewish Cemetery at Newport."

Asked by his friend, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the president of Columbia University, to recommend literary works his students should read, Roosevelt produced a long list that included histories, biographies, novels, poems, plays, and philosophical discourses written by Greek, Roman, English, French, Russian, Italian, German, and American authors, many of which he had read in their original languages.

The newspapers gave him enormous coverage, treating the public to accounts of his bear hunting in Colorado and Mississippi, his boxing and wrestling prowess, his energetic romps with his five children at the White House and his family home on Long Island. These activities were in sharp contrast to the placid, sedentary style that McKinley and most of his recent predecessors had preferred.

Morris seamlessly mixes his accounts and assessments of Roosevelt's public activities with anecdotes and analyses—both his own and contemporaries'—of the private presidential persona. He writes in a lively style, but too often gets caught up in purple prose. He favors minutely detailed descriptions of places and events and relies too heavily for them on a few contemporary press stories. On several occasions he strays into psychohistory, telling us what Roosevelt was thinking at the time. These techniques, which best-selling biographers like Morris increasingly seem to favor, are distracting and make *Theodore Rex* considerably longer than it ought to be.

Morris is obviously an admirer of Roosevelt but he is objective in his assessments and is not overwhelmed by the long catalog of Roosevelt's achievements he records. He spells out how basically cautious the president often was in expounding changes in political and social policy and how willing he was to compromise with hostile conservatives in his own Republican party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when he judged that necessary. Roosevelt discovered that he could make the White House a "bully pulpit." Morris finds, however, that the president was careful not to use it to try to move the public too quickly.

When Roosevelt called for reforms, he did so with wily and careful regard to the views and prejudices of his countrymen. He was eager to improve the lot of poor white citizens, as the "Square Deal" legislation he sponsored demonstrated, but failed to overcome congressional opposition to some of the changes he sought. And although he advocated a better life for African-Americans, he quickly retreated when his White House dinner invitation to black leader Booker T. Washington caused a political uproar early in his first term.

Playing games with history can be dangerous. But one can profitably ask how different America might have been if Leon Czolgosz had not gunned down William McKinley at the Pan-American Exhibition in 1901 and Theodore Roosevelt had remained trapped in the powerless position of vice president to which orthodox Republican leaders had deliberately consigned him. Had McKinley lived out his second term, these leaders would, in all likelihood, have successfully blocked Roosevelt's bid for the White House in 1904 and named a candidate more to their conservative tastes.

Under those circumstances, there very likely would have been a much less effective Progressive Era and little change in the way America was governed. Political and economic reform would eventually have come, but it would probably have taken a more radical and violent form spearheaded by politicians responding to the increasing animosity of the depressed poor for the prospering classes. If this projection is correct, Roosevelt was arguably one of the few presidents who made a major difference in American life and politics. Had he not been in the White House from 1901 to 1909, the United States would have been a very different place, not only in the decade when he led it, but for many years afterwards.

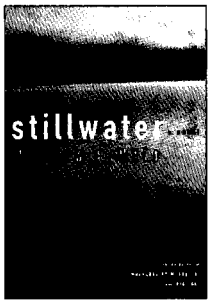
HOWARD B. SCHAFFER, *author of* Chester Bowles: New Dealer in the Cold War, *now at Georgetown University, served as U.S. ambassador to Bangladesh.*

# Critical Mass.

**By Gary Hart**

WILLIAM WELD, FORMER GOVERNOR of Massachusetts, has written his third novel, a pastoral-romantic-political fiction that does much to disprove the notion that politicians are good only at serving special interests and furthering their own careers.

Set in the Swift River valley of western Massachusetts in the late Depression years, *Stillwater* describes, through the eyes of its 15-year-old narrator, Jamieson Kooby, the impact on the valley of the perfidious schemes of "the Boston boys," the state's power structure, to inundate five towns by damming the Swift River. Along the way Jamieson is party to a series of Huck-and-Tom adventures with his best friend Caleb and falls in love with Hannah Corkey, whose clairvoyance flows from numerous previous lives including, inter alia, that of a Salem witch burned in 1692 and a number of years spent as an 18th-century Indian captive.




STILLWATER:
A Novel
*by William F. Weld*
Simon & Schuster, $23.00

Much of the book is an episodic fabric of interwoven themes: the contest between the guilelessness of nature and the exigencies of "progress"; the integrity of village life versus the villainy of urban power politics; the rigid morality of orthodox religion (represented by Preacher Moncrieff) set against the humanism of Jamieson's warm-hearted, salty, Nietzsche-reading Grandma Hardiman (whose credo is "worldly pleasure is sacred"); and the virtue of those like the hobo Hammy contrasted with the unscrupulous Curley and his local henchman, Lawyer Kincaid.

Within this tapestry are woven scenes of druid ceremonies in Thayer's Wood in the middle of Midsummer night, the lingering revolutionary spirit of Captain Daniel Shays, hero of the Revolution and leader of the first rebellion against the post-Revolutionary order, the skullduggery concealed behind the scarlet curtains of Miss Millie Tiverton's fancy house, and more ghosts, spirits, and skeletons than you could find in a corrupt politician's closet.

As Governor Curley's army of "Woodpeckers"—advance men for bulldozers, hydraulic engineers, and dam builders—invades the valley, the mystery of the compliant town fathers' silence in the face of the loss of their ancestral homes deepens. Could it be that Curley's corrupting money has come to the valley even ahead of the Woodpeckers? "Why did there have to be the money?" whines Timmy, a co-conspirator in Hammy the hobo's demise. The voice of modern political realism, Lawyer Kincaid, replies, "Money is the oxygen of public decisions, son."

Happily, Weld, now a resident of New York, does not now have to account to his more upright constituents for giving a madam and a hobo heroic roles in divulging the plot by political and community leaders to corrupt the Swift River valley, or for making paganism altogether more attractive than the established church. One imagines him sending a message to the retiring Jesse Helms to the effect that writing well is the best revenge. If so, one hopes for Governor Weld's, and the Republic's, sake this novel sells a million copies.

*Stillwater* may or may not be a metaphor for recent American politics. There will certainly be those of us who think so. Writing with the authority of one who knows from rich experience, Weld provides a moral for his own novel and perhaps his public service. "America has both gentle and heartless in it," an aging Jamieson Kooby reflects on visiting the lake that inundated his town and a vanished way of life. "You can live a wonderful life in the gentle part of America, which is most of it, but if the heartless part notices you, it will come kill you off and the place you live."

Alas, would that it were not so.

GARY HART, *a former United States Senator, is the author of 12 books. His most recent,* RESTORATION OF THE REPUBLIC, *will be published in the spring of 2002.*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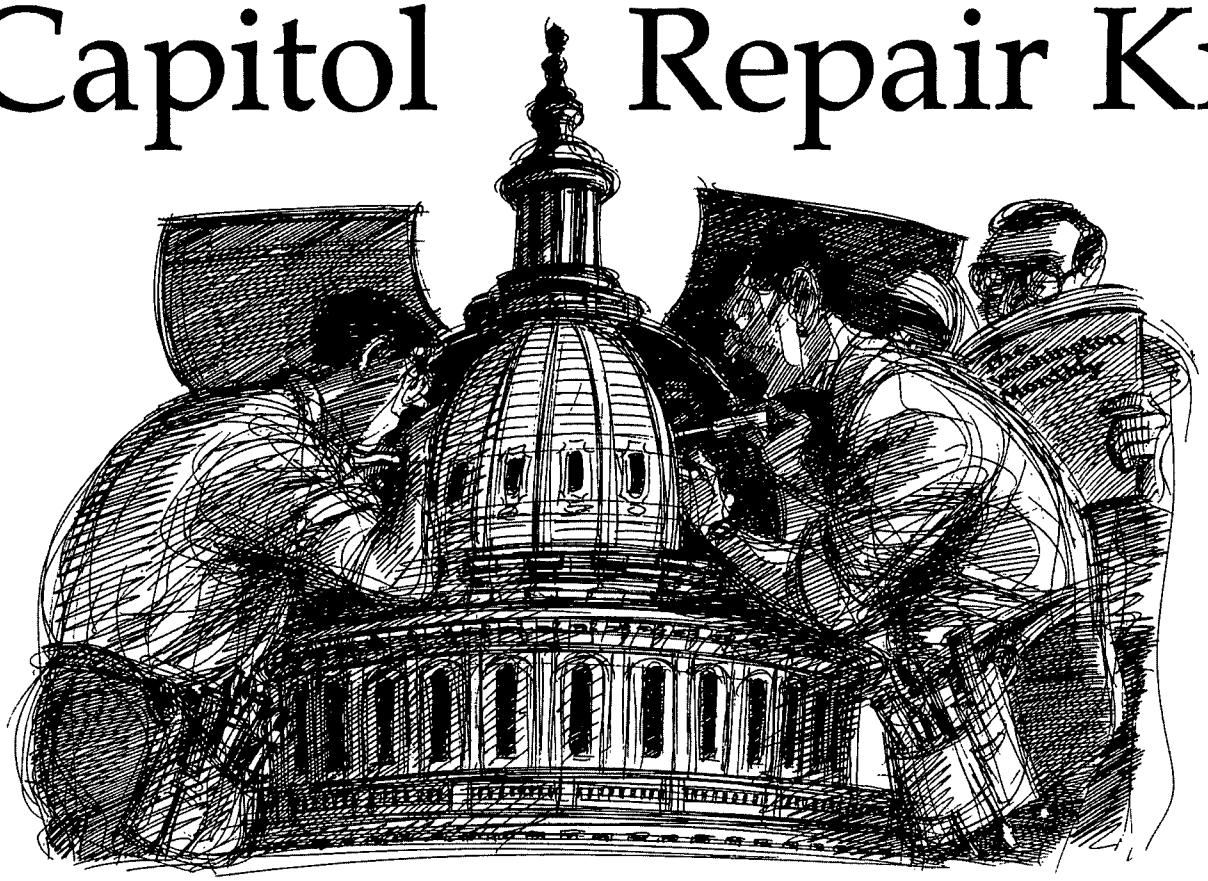

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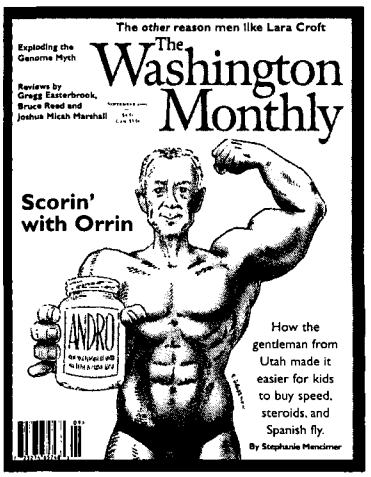


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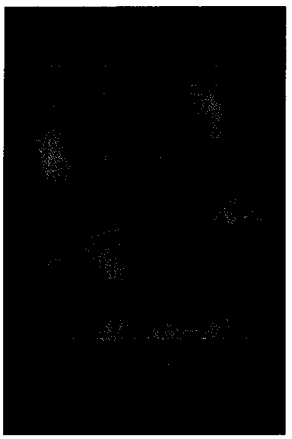
# Thinking Allowed



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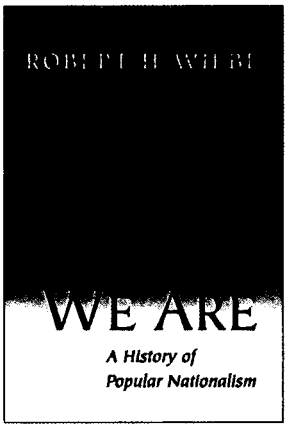


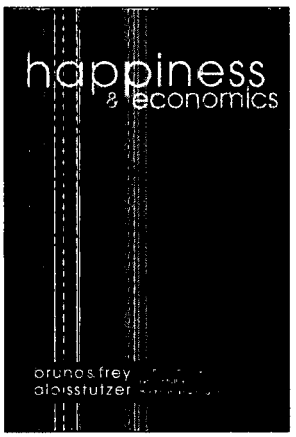


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